

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

DEACON & PETERSON, PUBLISHERS.

NO. 122 SOUTH THIRD STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

DEVOTED TO PURE LITERATURE, NEWS, AGRICULTURE, HUMOR, & C.

EDMUND DEACON, } EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.
HENRY PETERSON, }

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JULY 14, 1860.

ESTABLISHED AUGUST 4, 1855.
(WHOLE NUMBER INCREASED, 1859)

GENONE.

A STATUE BY MISS H. HOSMER.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY EMMA ALICE BROWNE.

The golden moss beneath her spread,
The June around her, white and red,
(And life beyond her waste and dead!)
Where—tangling ever to and fro
Its silver hands among the snow
And blush of all the flowers that grow

In Ida's fountain nursing breast—
A wild brook runs in sweet unrest
Toward the blue rivers of the West—
She leans upon a lilies hand,
Her great eyes sorrow-smitten, grand,
With sight turned death-ward! All the land

That southward from Dardania
Rolls to the purple bordered sea,
Lies dim before pale Genone!
For that sweet way, wounded, came—
(Where'er his rich blood fell, the same
Kindled the Ocean's golden flame.)

For once to Titan Genone
A sudden gift of prophecy
Forebode'd him dying by the sea—
And how alone his subtle skill
Compell'd thro' woman's loving will
Had power to work him good—or ill.

And she, remembering slighted pain,
Forgot her true heart—and in vain
The Trojan knell for Paris slain!
Breathless she leans above the clay
That erst in youth's sweet holiday
Blushed with her kisses like a May—

Till memories of that golden prime—
Like some dead poet's saddest rhyme
Touching the heart of after-time—
Hold her all breathless—powerless—pale—
With the dumb agony of a wall
Dying out in her soul. The tale

Had won a high interpreter
In the strong, womanly heart of her
Who carved this antique legend for
The truth's and beauty's sake. Oh, eyes!
Full of the old Greek mysteries—
Oh, lips of unadorned melody!

Oh, marble dream, divinely wrought,
Embodying a master-thought,
Whose grief eternal life hath caught!
Pale type of many a voiceless heart,
Waiting in agony apart
From human sympathy, thou art!

St. Louis, Mo., 1860.

REGINA; OR, THE BIRTHRIGHT.

BY MARGARET BLOUNT.

CHAPTER IV.

"And my hand—I know it trembled,
To the light, warm touch of thine;
Still we were friends, and only friends,
My sweet friend, Leonie!"

The words have touched me to the heart,
Though they are sad and few,
And all that "Leonie" was to him,
I fain would be to you."

On the day after Regina's last appearance,
Helen Erlinford sat in the pretty little boudoir
dedicated to herself, and such friends as she
chose to admit to share her privacy. Mrs. Erlinford,
seated in her own especial arm-chair,
was comfortably perusing the Post, in her morning-
room outside, and making comments, now and then,
to her daughter, through the half-open door. Helen
listened, and replied dutifully, yet her thoughts
seemed busy with other things; and she laid aside
her pencil now and then, and leaned her cheek upon
her hand, with a far-away look in her beautiful eyes.

The table in the middle of the room was
covered with portfolios and unfinished sketches;
and at a tiny easel sat Helen, working on a
picture of a New England farm-house in the
depth of winter, which she was endeavoring to
portray from Charlemount's written description
at her side.

The six weeks had made almost as great a
change in Helen as in Regina. The actress had
been growing good and gentle; Helen
needed not to do this, and so she touched upon
a more foolish extreme—she had been growing
sad. No doubt she would have started in surprise
at such a thought, but it was true. The heart of
the woman was awakening from its long sleep,
and, like all other children, it murmured at
being disturbed, and needed the soothing words
which must come from other lips than hers. Over
cheek, and lip, and brow, a shade had fallen—a
pensive shade, more bewitching, perhaps, than
the arch, free, gaiety of old; but sadder to see, for
those who knew how to read it rightly. The
blue eyes sparkled still, at times, with light and
laughter, but they had also acquired a dreamy
glance; the red lips settled in a firmer curve,
the graceful head was often bent in thought,
and a peculiar air of subdued and half-impa-

sioned tenderness made
her a different being to
the gay girl who had
smiled down at Regina
on the night of her
debut. "He loves me
not," was uppermost
in her thoughts. You
could see it in her
listless attitude on that
morning, as, leaning on
her folded arms, she
turned her head slightly
towards the door, and
listened to what her
mother was saying.

"That odious Lady
Blanche, my dear—I am
sure she will secure
him unless you bestir
yourself, and take more
pains to please him."

"But what am I to
do, mamma?" said
Helen, afraid to confess
that, in consequence
of her reverie, she had
not the remotest idea
who "he" was.

"Do? Have I not
been telling you for the
last half-hour?" and
Mrs. Erlinford rose and
bustled in with the
paper in her hand.

"Helen, I think you will
break my heart—I
think you are asleep!"

"No, mamma."

"It amounts to the same thing. When you
begin painting I never can make you say five
words. What are you working at?"

"The New England farmhouse Charlemount
described to me."

"Ah, I remember," and Mrs. Erlinford look-
ed gratified. "He is to have it when it is fin-
ished—is he not?"

"Yes."

"And when will that be?"

"I cannot tell," said Helen, languidly. "I
am afraid I am not quite right about it, and he
promised to show me—to tell me more. Do you
think it will do, mamma?"

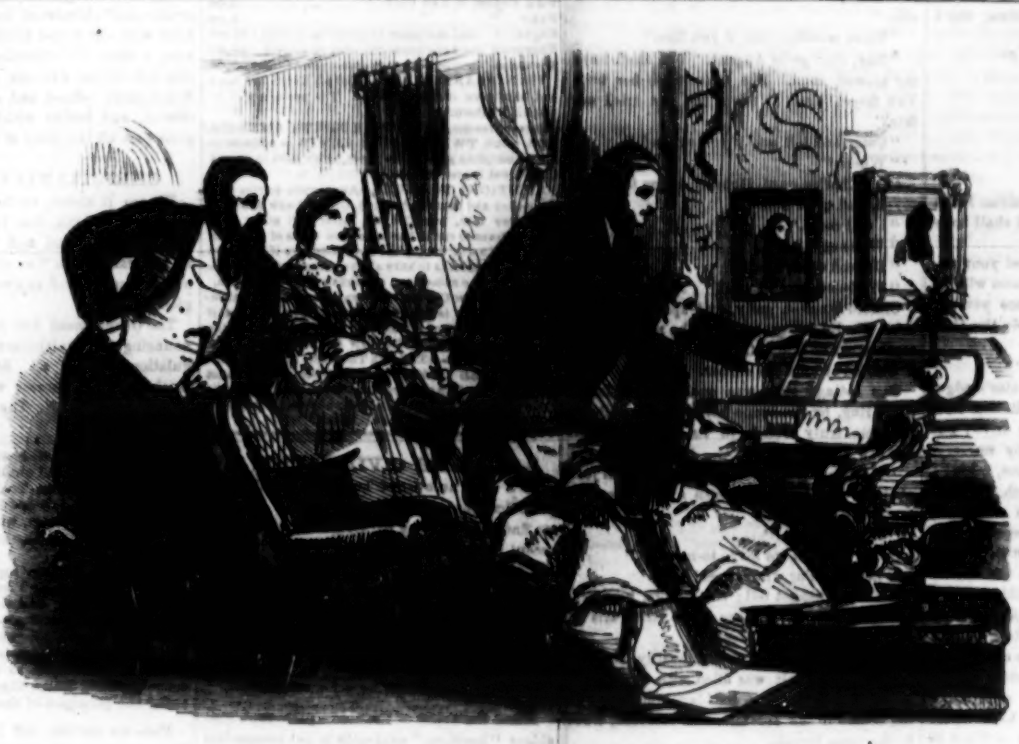
"My dear child, what on earth do I know
about New England farmhouses? Ask him."

"I will, when he comes."

"That will be very soon. I saw him at
D—House last night, and he sent a mes-
sage to you that he should come to-day to help
you with it."

"It is very kind of him," said Helen, taking
up her brush again.

"I am glad you acknowledge it. I think it
something more than kind."



CHARLEMOUNT AND CLIFFORD IN HELEN'S BOUDOIR.

girl, young and beautiful as you are, simply
as a sister! As for getting you, he would not
allow it. If he was in love with one, and she
would allow it."

"I think he is," said Helen, rather indis-
tinctly.

"In love with a Queen, mamma."

"Helen, do you know at all what you are
talking about? I am shocked at you! Is not
her majesty a wife and a mother? And yet
you—"

"My dear mamma! how you mistake me! I
said 'a queen' and I was thinking of
Mary Stuart—of Zenobia—of Regina, in fact."

Mrs. Erlinford drew a long, satisfied breath.
"Ah! light breaks in upon me at last!—
You are jealous, Helen!"

"Indeed, no!"

"Of course you will not own it," said her
mother, kissing her, with a playful smile.—"But
you are a little goose for allowing such an
idea to take possession of you. Of course
he admires Regina. No one could help that—
least of all, I should fancy, a man like Charle-
mount. But, after all, what harm can that do?

What result can come from it? He can never
meet her; for all London knows that no one
is allowed to enter the cottage gates, except
the manager, who is a steady, married man,
and Clifford, who is to her what you declare
poor George must be to you—a brother."

A very vivid crimson burned on Helen's
cheeks, and she would not meet her mother's
eyes when she had finished speaking.

"No wonder you blush, my dear! It is
quite absurd for you to imagine such a thing.
No, trust me, George knows better what he is
about. As for the stories about his first wife,
I am sure they were all false. To be sure, we
saw nothing of her, as we were abroad all that
time; but I do not believe George would harm
a fly. At all events, I should be quite willing
to trust you to him. He is always gentle and
good with you; and I shall live to see you as
happy as Darcy and Joan, one day, at Charle-
mount Court. For you must allow, my dear
child, that—"

"More she would have said, but she was
checked by the opening of the outer door, and
"Lord Charlemount and Mr. Clifford" were
announced in a stentorian voice by the servant
in waiting. Helen started, and clasped her
small, white hands.

"Oh, mamma!"

"Hush! sit down and compose yourself—
they shall not come in here just yet," whis-
pered Mrs. Erlinford; and, sailing into the
outer room, she greeted her callers with her
blandest air, and managed to keep them in con-
versation for nearly ten minutes. Still Helen did
not appear, and Charlemount, who was wander-
ing up and down the room like a troubled
spirit, asked bluntly "where she was hiding
herself."

"Not far away," said Mrs. Erlinford, rising,
with a smile, "we will all go and find her. Mr.
Clifford, I believe you have never entered He-
len's boudoir before?"

"I have never had that honor, madam!"

"Come, then."

"Helen, my dear, if you are not too busy to
welcome some friends—"

"Oh, no, mamma!" said Helen, extremely
thankful that Charlemount had not found his
way alone. She greeted him with a little
nervous hesitation. Clifford noticed it, and at-
tributed it to the regard he was persuaded she
felt for him. Accepting his own share of the
welcome, with modest thankfulness, he looked
around the pretty place with an admiring
glance. How fitting a home it seemed for one

so fair and pure! Regina's library, with its
odd mixture of skeletons, pipes, smoking caps,
and swords, arose up in contrast. He com-
pared also the delicate virgin loveliness of this
fair girl, with the dark beauty of the actress;
the one, all grace and purity; the other, all fire
and passion;—a Madonna, as yet untouched
by grief, and a Magdalen, repentant, but still
warring with her proud, undisciplined heart,—
one, so well fitted to be that most admirable of
creatures, an English wife; the other—he
started at the thought that followed, of Regina.

He had been lying in his heart for many days,
but this was the first moment in which he had
fairly looked it in the face.

"Well, Miss Erlinford," said Lord Charle-
mount, "how does the picture progress?"

"Very slowly."

"What is the matter?"

"Look over the easel."

"I see nothing,—ah, yes, you have had a
London fog in your mind, Helen. New Eng-
land skies are not like that; they are blue—
blue as your eyes. Give me the brush."

Mrs. Erlinford smiled graciously as her
daughter complied, and stood watching his
labors with an anxious eye. To hear the Earl
go back to the early days, by calling her "He-
len," was much; the compliment, from one
totally unused to paying compliments, was far
more. Already she saw an imaginary coronet
shining on that graceful head.

"Come, Mr. Clifford," she said, moving to-
wards the book-case; "let me do the honors,
since those enthusiasts have quite forgotten us.
You see, we keep you ever in our minds; and
she pointed to a set of volumes, beautifully
bound. They were his own works; and he
blushed like a girl on seeing them.

"Helen's favorite, I assure you, Mr. Clifford.
And, I may add, my own."

"Madam, you do me far too great an hon-
or," said the gratified author, with a bow.

"Not at all—not at all!" replied the lady,
with a corresponding bend. "When are you
going to favor us with another volume?"

"That I cannot tell," he said; with his eyes
fixed on Helen, who was disputing one of Charle-
mount's proposed alterations. "It is an idle
time with me just now. It is possible, how-
ever, that I may write another play for Regina,
when she returns."

Charlemount started on hearing that name;
and Helen uttered an exclamation of dismay.

"Oh, look!"

"By Jove! I have done it now! You must
have touched my elbow, Helen!"

"Indeed, George, I was not near you! You
made the blot yourself."

"What is it?" exclaimed Mrs. Erlinford,
pressing forward.

"A smudge—a dash!" said the Earl, peni-
tently. "You see I wanted Helen to put in
the farmer, carrying a pail of potatoes to the
pigs."

Clifford laughed.

"A very unromantic subject for Miss Erlin-
ford's pencil, my lord! I am inclined to feel
glad that you have spoiled the picture."

"How can you have the heart to say so?
The farmer was an old friend of mine, and the
pigs were perfect specimens. I wished to have
him, at least, in the sketch, and now he is
spoiled."

"May I look at the picture, my lord?"

"Certainly!" And the peer made room for
him, and leaned upon his shoulder as he
pointed out the beauties of the sketch, in an
animated way. "You see, my dear fellow, I
stepped at that very farm-house for three
weeks, when I was travelling in New England.
I was incoo, of course; they used to call me

did so instantly. "He was a glorious old fel-
low! I am sorry I have spoiled him! It was
all your fault, Helen!"

"Nay, that is most ungalant, my lord!—
Will you let me see if I can remedy your mis-
take?"

"What! do you paint?"

"By Jove, you authors seem to do every-
thing now-a-days! Yes, try by all means. I
wish you success."

"Thank you."

"You see it was Miss Erlinford's fault, after
all. She had dressed him in a smock-frock,
with a true lover's knot embroidered on the
shoulder. Now, an American farmer would
hoot at any one in such a dress. I was trying
to alter it to the blue woollen garment John
Humphreys used to wear—and behold!"

Clifford could not help laughing at his de-
spairing gesture. He sat down, and took the
brush from Charlemount's hand. Helen moved
the palette nearer; he thanked her with a
smile.

The picture was well designed, and copied
with singular accuracy from the Earl's written
description. A range of snowy hills encircled a
bleak New England valley; behind them rose
peak after peak, increasing in height and dis-
tance, and terminating finally in a dim vision of
the far-famed White Mountains. In the valley
wandered a brook, flowing sluggishly under
ly felled trees; a road followed its somewhat devi-
ous course, and through the bare branches of
the trees a glimpse was given of the roofs of a
small village, and the steeple of the "Meeting
House." The farmhouse itself lay off among
the hills—a low, red building, overshadowed
by some tall maple trees, and fronted by the
meadow, the orchard, and the "sugar
woods."

With a few masterly touches, Clifford re-
mediated the Earl's blunder, and reduced the un-
sightly blue blot to its proper form.

"There, my lord! Do you not recognize
"John Humphreys" again?"

"The very man! How in the world did
you know the kind of frock he wore?"

"I have been in New England myself; and
though I had not the pleasure of meeting him,
I knew many of his kind."

"Horn buttons and all!" exclaimed Charle-
mount, in rapture. "Now, Helen, all is plain
sailing before you, you can finish as soon as
you like, and I will go and find a frame. It
shall be of carved maple—that is an Ameri-
can wood, you know. When will it be done?"

"Who lectured me last week for being im-
patient!" said Helen, archly. "I think you
can manage to arrive another week without
your beloved Mr. Humphreys. The canvas
cannot be taken from the easel yet—the colors
must dry."

"What a bore waiting is!" he said, peni-
tently. "Don't you agree with me, Mrs. Erlin-
ford?"

"Undoubtedly, my lord! But in this case
I do not see how it can be helped. But I am
sure Helen will do her best."

"Oh, yes! I have no doubt of that! She is
a good little girl, and does more to please me
than I deserve. By-the-way, Helen, I pro-
mised to bring you the manuscript of that old
song."

"And have you kept your promise?"

"To the letter!" And he produced a yel-
low sheet of paper from his pocket. "Lady
Catharine Erlinford—my grandmother, or great
grandmother, I forget which—copied it with
her own hands, long, long ago. It was a fa-
vorite song of hers. 'Thereby hangs a tale,' I
fancy!"

Clifford looked at the delicate, faded charac-
ters with interest.

"Strange," he said musingly, "what a pec-
uliar feeling it gives one to look at such a re-
cord as this! Lady Catharine—young and fair—"

"I beg your pardon, my dear fellow," cried
the matter-of-fact Earl; "Lady Catharine was
sixty-five when she died."

"What of that, my lord? I take it for
granted that she was young and fair once in
the course of her life!"

"Right! She was the least of three com-
petitors, and Charles Mohun and the Duke of
C—crossed swords for her sake no less
than four times. The women of our race were
all beautiful—may, they are!" and he glanced
at Helen and her mother with a smile.

"It needs no words to tell us that, my
lord," replied Clifford, whose eyes met Helen's
at that moment. She blushed deeply, and
said, "you did not faint what you were say-
ing of Lady Catharine."

"True! Young and fair she must have been,
judging by the descendants. But how little
she dreamed that these descendants would
read the lines she wrote, long, long after she
had turned to dust! It is a love-song, I said
I can fancy I hear her singing it now; and yet
she is very silent in her tomb!"

"I have seen it," said Helen, playing idly
with the paper those dead fingers had once
held.

"Here is her name at the end—Cathar-
ine—only Catharine! Not a plot upon the
page—all fair and delicate to the last! Do you
know, Miss Erlinford, it makes me sad to look
upon it. In presence of such memorials, that
have outlived their day and generation, I begin
to wonder who will look upon the words I have
written when I am gone."

Helen listened earnestly; but Mrs. Erlinford
hated all thoughts of death, and broke in upon
him with an affected laugh.

"My dear Mr. Clifford, how gloomy you are
trying to make us all! I do not like it. It
gives me the horrors!"

"We are all going to die some day, whether
we like it or not, my dear madam!" said Clif-
ford, dryly. "Miss Erlinford, would it be an
unwarrantable piece of presumption on my
part, to ask you to sing this beautiful old
song?"

"Not at all!" said Helen, starting from a
reverie, into which his unexpected words had
thrown her.

"Oh, by all means let us have the song!"
cried Charlemount. "A hymn should always
follow the sermon. Eh, Clifford?"

Clifford smiled.

"I will not inflict another on you for the
next six months!"

"Oh! I did not mind it! Of course you
authors are privileged to 'talk shop' now and
then!"

"I do not understand you, my lord."

"Why, you know, unless you throw all mor-
tality to the winds, you must preach up good-
ness, and all that sort of thing, in your books!
English people prefer it—there is something
'respectable' in it—and so you go on making
books that may 'lie with safety on the family
table' (is not that the phrase?), until, at last,
you get so into the habit of it, that you cannot
help 'talking good' as well. I forgive you, my
dear fellow!"

"Your lordship is very kind!" said Clifford,
rather hotly. But a look from Helen made
him keep back what he was going to add.

"Will you come and turn over the leaves for
me?" she said, crossing the room to the piano-
forte. "I cannot ask Charlemount; he always
forgets what he is about, and so spoils the
effect of my playing."

Clifford followed her. As he arranged the
sheets before her, she said, in a low voice,
"Don't mind what he says! He would laugh
at everything of that kind—he always does! I
have had many a quarrel with him about it
before this!"

"But you?" said Clifford, bending lower,
and venturing to look for an instant into her
sweet blue eyes. They dropped beneath his,
and a flush rose to her cheek.

"I believe that you were quite in earnest!"
she said, still lower, as she began to play the
prelude.

It was a quaint old ballad, English in its
words, but full of that delicious simplicity
which seems the gift of Scottish writers alone.
The air was plaintive, and something in the
voice of the singer accorded well with words
and music. Charlemount and Mr. Erlinford
drew nearer, while Clifford stood still, stately,
with folded arms and downcast eyes, yielding,
without restraint, to the sweet melancholy that
possessed him.

"Why, Helen, I never heard you sing half
so well before!" exclaimed Charlemount, as
she ceased. "You are turning into a regular
nightingale on our hands—is she not, Clif-
ford?"

"Yes. And, what is more, she sings as if
she had the nightingale's peculiar receipt for
melody," said the young author.

"What is that?"

"The bird warbles most sweetly when she
rests against a thorn. Miss Erlinford's voice
seems to have none. Yet whence the gift. It
is a peculiar one."

"What in the world are you talking about,
my dear fellow?"

and a few other things. I have been thinking of you a great deal lately and wondering how you are getting on. I hope you are well and happy. I am still in the same old place, but I am trying to make the best of it. I have been thinking of you a great deal lately and wondering how you are getting on. I hope you are well and happy. I am still in the same old place, but I am trying to make the best of it.

BOSTON FOREIGNER.

The Boston Transcript says:—

A delegation from Boston waited upon Alderman Boole, of New York, and presented a very warm request to him to ask the Japanese Embassy to visit that city. The gentleman who headed the delegation said that if the answer was favorable, \$100,000 would be raised in two hours, if that would be any object. To this Alderman Boole replied that Capt. Dupond had already used every effort to get the Embassy to visit, not Boston only, but Niagara, but the Japanese positively refused to go, they being anxious to return to their own country, and declare the results of their mission.

Just to think of the Bostonians not being able to get the Japanese, even at a cost of \$100,000! Poor fellows—they are to be pitied! Appropos to this ridiculous nonsense about the Japanese, is an anecdote told us by an abolition envoy to the World's Convention, held several years ago. He said the delegates attended a great meeting at Exeter Hall, some noble gentlemen—we forget who—being in the chair. The Hall was crowded. Whenever a White delegate made his appearance on the platform, no notice was taken of him; but a negro could not appear for a moment without eliciting a burst of applause. The "colored brethren" were as much the fashion in England at that time, as the Japanese have recently been here. Whether the English ladies went to the length of kissing them, as certain New York "feminines" did the Japanese, we are unable to say.

THE GREAT EASTERN.

We are pleased to see that a committee has been appointed by the city authorities to invite the officers of the Great Eastern to bring that vessel to Philadelphia. There are tens of thousands of the residents of this city and neighborhood, who would like to inspect this wonderful production of British skill, who will not be able to make a trip to New York for that purpose. So, as Mahomet cannot go to the mountain, we hope the Mountain will come to Mahomet. So far as the officers of the ship are concerned, we think we may safely promise them a large hospitality—though, to be sure, their color is a little against them; while men being somewhat at a discount in these Japanese dog-days.

THEORY OF RAIN.

Mr. Baxendell, F.R.S.E., has called attention to the fact that the quantity of rain received by a gauge near the ground was nearly always greater than that received by a similar gauge placed at a higher level in the same locality—phenomenon accounted for by Professor Phillips, by supposing each rain-drop to be augmented during its descent through a humid atmosphere. Mr. Baxendell cited experiments at York, from which it appeared that the rainfall on the ground was 65.430 in., 43 ft. 8 in. above the ground, 52.169 in. and 211 ft. 10 in. above the ground, 39.572, from which it appeared that the ratio of the size of a rain-drop to 0.679 for the last 213 ft. of its fall, and 0.254 for the last 44 ft. Calculations were then added to show that the moisture condensed during the fall of the drop could not exist in the form of true vapor, as such a condensation of vapor would require that so low as the top of the tower of York Minster, the rain-drop should be as cold as 34.34 deg. Fahr. It is therefore plain that the moisture in the lower stratum of the atmosphere, on such occasions, is not in a state of true vapor, although the transparency of the air forbids the belief that it is in ordinary liquid state. At 356 ft. elevation the rainfall is only half that which occurs on the ground. It therefore appears that a shallow stratum of the lower and comparatively clear atmosphere supplies as much rain as the clouded and deeper stratum of the higher regions. Mr. Baxendell remarked that observations on the size of drops falling in mines confirmed these views. The mean temperature of rainy days is only a trifle higher than the mean temperature of the year, notwithstanding the fact that most of our rain comes with winds from warm quarters, and winds accompanied by rain are cooler than those which are not. What, therefore, becomes of the heat given off by the condensed vapor, and in what state does the moisture which forms rain exist? The first question Mr. Baxendell answers by supposing that air nearly saturated with vapor has a greater radiating power than dry air, and he expresses a belief with regard to the second, that vapor can lose much of its latent heat without its transparency being sensibly affected.

THE MARKS.—Some of the blacks in Brazil may occasionally be seen wearing tin marks fastened at the back of the head with a padlock, small perforations being made in the tin over the place of the mouth and nose, and two small apertures for the eyes. These are blacks who are incorrigible drunkards, and the mark is fastened on the head when they are sent out, so that they may not drink. This mark is also said to be used to prevent blacks from eating clay or earth, but this disease is, I believe, of very rare occurrence.—Brazil: *Stray Notes from Bahia.*

"Bare," said a Frenchman, wishing to display his knowledge of the English language, "did it rain to-morrow?" "Yes, sare," was the equally bombastic reply, "yes, sare, it rae."

At Danvers, Mass., recently, while there was a clear, bright sky overhead, a flag-staff was struck by lightning, and completely shivered. The cloud from which the lightning was supposed to have come did not reach the portion of the sky above the town until nearly two hours afterward.

It has been well observed that advice is not disliked because it is advice, but because so few people know how to give it.

If you fall into misfortune, disengage yourself as well as you can. Creep through the bushes that have the fewest briars.

A pleasant and cheerful mind sometimes grows upon an old and worn-out body, like mistletoe upon a dead tree.

ONE OF THE BOTS.—A man in stopping his paper recently wrote:

"I think folks do not get to spend their money on papers, my father never did an errand body and he was the smartest man in the country, and had got the intelligent family of boys that ever dagg taters."

LETTER FROM PARIS.

PARIS, JUNE 15, 1860.

Mr. Editor of the Post:—

The lives of certain persons seem to grow out so naturally from the social sphere in which they have been passed, and to belong to it so completely, that we cannot even imagine their having occurred elsewhere. Such lives may almost be considered as "representative," so truly do they reflect the peculiarities of their place and time; and in this category is to be classed the life which forms the subject of the present letter.

Mademoiselle Delphine Gay, more widely known by her married name as Madame Girardin, was born on the 20th of January, 1804, in the picturesque old town of Aix-la-Chapelle, the favorite residence and burial place of Charlemagne, on whose tomb she is said to have been baptized, the Marquise de Custine standing as her godmother. Her parents were at that time in easy circumstances, and occupied a respectable position in the then French Department of the Rhur, of which, Aix-la-Chapelle was the *chef-lieu*, and in which her father held the post of Receiver General; the emoluments of which were very considerable.

The family of M. Gay consisted of his wife, Madame Sophie Gay, daughter of the beautiful Francesco Perotti, and herself a remarkably beautiful woman, one son, and four daughters. The son entered the army and died in Algeria, of a wound received at the siege of Constantine. Of the daughters, one married Count O'Donnell, nephew of the present first minister of Spain; another married M. De Canoles; the third married M. Garre, and the fourth, Delphine, married the well-known political writer, M. Emile de Girardin.

Madame Sophie Gay was not only renowned for her beauty; she was exceedingly clever, witty, shrewd and ambitious, was much addicted to literature, and mingled freely in the best literary society of the day. An ardent admirer of Madame de Staël, whose well-known romance *Delphine*, had called forth the virulent hostility of Parisian critics. Madame Gay had taken up the pen to defend the work and its authoress, so violently decared. It was the approbation which had followed this, her first literary effort, that induced her to cultivate a talent which she had previously allowed to lie dormant, but which she thenceforth exercised, with equal success on other subjects. It was in remembrance of this incident, and also in compliment to the distinguished authoress whose first essay in the domain of imaginative creation she had so generously defended, that Madame Gay bestowed the name of Delphine on her youngest daughter.

Unfortunately for her family, Madame Gay could never resist the temptation to say a sharp thing, and in this way she often alienated her best and most useful friends. At one unlucky evening party, the brilliant wife of the Receiver General indulged her satirical humor very freely at the expense of the Prefect of the Rhur and his lady. Her imprudent witlings were at once reported to the Prefect; the Prefect, furious at this impertinence, lost no time in transmitting to the Minister of the Interior an indignant protest against the wife of his subordinate; and the Receiver General was immediately deprived of his post by the Minister.

Monsieur and Madame Gay, now removed with their children to Paris, where the latter exerted all her ingenuity, but in vain, to mollify the ministerial displeasure excited by the unreasoning of her tongue, and to obtain another appointment for her husband. Soon after her return to Paris, Monsieur Gay died; and his widow, being left without pecuniary resources, employed her pen actively and successfully in the support of her family.

An intimate friend of the Princess de Chimay, and detesting Napoleon—both on account of the disgrace which she herself had been the means of bringing upon her late husband, and of the persistent refusal of the Emperor to allow her to be presented at his Court—the handsome widow threw herself into the ranks of the opposition, and took an active part in the political intrigues of her friends. On the overthrow of Napoleon I., in 1815, she is said to have been one of a group of Parisian ladies who went out to meet and felicitate the Duke of Wellington on his approach to Paris, and who, having presented him with bouquets of violets in token of welcome, were received by the conqueror with the stern rebuke, "Ladies, if a French army should ever enter London, all the women of England would put on mourning."

Under the Restoration, Madame Gay's productions enjoyed a high reputation, and her *salon* was the rendezvous of the most distinguished artists, writers and politicians of the day. Chateaubriand, Beranger, Duval, Bours-Lormain, Claude and Horace Vernet, Gerard, Gros, Talma, Fleury, Mlle. Duchesnois, and a host of others—less widely known, but playing a conspicuous part in the Paris of that day—were among the most assiduous visitors of the handsome and popular authoress.

Madame Gay was excessively fond of cards, and card playing, dancing and conversation were carried on in her drawing-rooms with equal vivacity; these *soirees* usually terminating with the reading of verses, the composition of one or other of her guests.

Though Madame Gay lived a life which was, in certain of its details, decidedly more brilliant than edifying, she seems, from her daughter's earliest years, to have divined the exceptional organization of which that daughter was destined to furnish such ample proof in after life, and to have given her the most careful education it was in her power to command; while the interest and expectations of her friends were excited to a high degree by the indications of a childhood equally rich in the promise of talent and of beauty; and Delphine's earliest literary attempts were made in the shape of poetical effusions of her own composition, which she recited at her mother's *soirees*, amidst the enthusiastic applause of the friendly critics there assembled.

By the time the clever child had fairly entered her teens, she was, indeed, as remarkable for her personal grace and loveliness, as for her real, though somewhat precocious, talent. The

threefold stam of "Eliot and soon" might have been invented for her, so pure was her complexion, and so fresh the delicate coloring of her cheeks. Large blue eyes, clear, soft, and kindly; a broad, high forehead, smooth as marble; a lovely little mouth, disclosing the perfect teeth, and gifted with the gayest and most winning smiles; and a profusion of magnificent golden hair falling in rich curls over her snowy shoulders;—such were the items of an *ensemble* that threw poets and painters into raptures, and attracted the admiration of all who saw her. The fame of her talent and beauty, spread abroad by admiring friends, was not long in introducing her possessor to a wider sphere; and the young poetess, received with open arms by the Duchesse de Duras and Madame Recamier, soon became the idol of their respective *salons*, the last refuge of the brilliant traditions of a phase of social intercourse now numbered among the things of the past. Beranger, who likened her shoulders to those of Venus—Chateaubriand, who declared her smile to be that of an angel—and Byron, from whom the charms of her wit and beauty won praise for her verses which the misanthropic bard refused to those of Chateaubriand—Gerard, who rendered to her the flattering homage of his pen—were but the leaders of the chorus of praise and adulation that proclaimed their young favorite to be one of the three most beautiful women of the Paris of that day, the Duchesse de Guiche (now Duchesse de Grammont), and the Comtesse d'Agout, (more widely known by her pseudonym of Daniel Stern), being the two other "bright, particular stars" of that mundane heaven.

At the age of eighteen, Delphine presented to the Academy a poem in praise of the self-devotion displayed at Barcelona by the French physicians and the sisters of the Order of St. Camilla, during the plague which ravaged that city. The Academy had offered a prize for the best composition on this subject; but Delphine, in submitting her poem to the judgment of that learned body, had accompanied its presentation with a distinct intimation that its author declined to compete for the prize. The poem received the unanimous plaudits of the judges, and an "honorable mention," couched in the most flattering terms, was awarded to its author, and inscribed in the annals of the Academy. A number of other poems followed this first appearance of the young poetess in public; and of these the "Verses on the Death of General Foy," was most admired, and raised their author at once to the very pinnacle of public favor. It is necessary, indeed, in this latter half of the century, to recall the circumstances under which these verses were produced, in order to understand the whirlwind of enthusiasm they created, and by which they were caught up and carried over the length and breadth of the land. Read at the grave of the illustrious soldier, as his coffin was lowered into its last resting-place in the cemetery of Pere-la-Chaise, these verses were printed immediately after the funeral, and commanded a sale which realized 4,000 francs; and the young poetess, to whom her admirers had previously given the appellation of the "Tenth Muse," was now lauded to the skies as "*la Muse de la Patrie*." The verses which had met with such universal acceptance were engraved on the monument subsequently erected to the memory of General Foy; and the sculptor David introduced a portrait of their young author into the group of distinguished personages executed by him in bas-relief thereupon.

The Duchesse de Duras, anxious to secure, to the benefit of her young favorite, the sensation created by this popular effusion, generously brought her influence to bear on her behalf, by writing to M. de Lourdoueix, then Director of Belles-lettres under the Minister of the Interior—to solicit for "a young girl, full of grace, wit, and talents, the author of the episode of St. Camilla, crowned by the Academy, and now engaged in writing another poem, a sort of French *Messias*, in which the most touching religious sentiments are rendered with a great power of expression, and a degree of poetic talent far superior to anything yet seen in a woman, a small pension which to one in her position," added the Duchesse, "would be a most valuable assistance."

What the kind-hearted pleader understood to be a "French *Messias*!" it is not very easy to determine; though it may probably have been some glorification, *a la Française*, of the "civilizing mission" which the French are so fond of attributing to themselves, and of whose nature, instruments, and aim, they occasionally startle the rest of the world with such very uncomfortable indications.

However this may be, it does not appear that the Director of Belles-lettres was moved to the granting of the Duchesse's prayer. But other, and less judicious, admirers had sounded the praises of Delphine's charms and talents within the precincts of the Court, and in the ears of the monarch; and had officially suggested the idea of a morganatic marriage between the brilliant young beauty and the king's brother, the Comte d'Artois; or, according to another version of the court gossip of the time, a still more irregular *liaison* with the king himself. The latter at length consented to allow the fair songstress to be presented to him; but, so far from giving his sanction to the intrigues of his courtiers—intrigues which were apparently quite unsuspected by their object,—terminated the brief reception accorded to her, by thus addressing her:

"Mademoiselle, you possess true poetic talent. I grant to you, from my private purse, an annual pension of five hundred crowns. Take my advice; seek for new inspiration in foreign travel. Paris is, for you, a more dangerous place than you imagine."

As kindly "advice" is not to be neglected by those on whom it is bestowed, Madame Gay set out at once, with her daughter, on a tour through Switzerland and Italy. The fame of the young traveller had preceded her. Wherever Delphine stopped, her grace and beauty created a sensation which was often to the full as embarrassing as flattering; and she was received in Italy as a second "Corinne." At Rome, she was conducted to the Pantheon, where, in the presence of an immense crowd composed of the most illustrious inhabitants of the Eternal City, she recited her "Hymn to St. Genevieve," written for the occasion, and

was crowned with flowers, and overwhelmed with showers of wreaths and bouquets, amidst the enthusiastic applause of the auditory; after which she was elected a member of the Academy of the Tibur.

During her stay in Italy, Delphine composed several other poems, the principal of which was "The last day of Pompeii," written at the foot of Vesuvius. She also finished, at Rome, the "*Magdalene*," the most important of her poetical productions, and one on which she had been at work for five years.

While on this tour, she made many valuable acquaintances; the charms of her person, and her brilliant conversational powers exciting, as usual, the admiration of all who approached her. M. de Lamartine, in his *Cours Propriétés de Littérature*, has recounted the impression made upon him by the sight of his young countrywoman, whom he fell in with at the Falls of Terni, and whose image seems to have remained over afterwards associated in his mind with the magnificence of rock, water, and sky with which she was then surrounded. Not a few of her Italian admirers would fain have kept the fair traveller in their own land; but Delphine's affection for France amounted to a species of idolatry, and she steadily refused the most brilliant matrimonial offers from a patriotic determination to accord her hand to none but a Frenchman. Whatever interested her, at this period of her life, became at once a subject for the exercise of her rhyming powers; and this determination accordingly furnished her with a *motif* for a new poem which she addressed to her sister, the Comtesse O'Donnell.

The return of Delphine Gay to her native land, was followed by a series of evolutions more flattering to her pride of country than the honors which had been paid to her in Rome.

Baron Gros had just completed the fresco of the Pantheon; and on the opening of that building to the public on their termination, the "*Muse de la Patrie*," led by the painter to a place of honor prepared for her beneath the dome, read some verses which she had written for the occasion, in the midst of an assembly composed of the most distinguished representatives of the aristocracy of birth, of art, of letters, and of science. Bouquets and crowns were showered in profusion at her feet; and the immense building resounded with the plaudits of her audience.

On another occasion, when the young poetess took her seat in one of the front boxes of the opera, wearing a sky-blue scarf thrown lightly over her white shoulders, and her hair falling round her like a golden mist, such was the electrifying effect of her presence, that the entire audience rose spontaneously, and saluted the beautiful vision with a triple salute of applause! Her life appears, indeed, at this period, to have consisted of a succession of ovals, *fetes*, and *fattles*, offered equally to her beauty and her talent, and admirably calculated to turn the head of any young woman. That her head remained unturned by all this adulation may fairly be considered as a conclusive proof of the natural simplicity and goodness of her character.

But all this time, the matrimonial prospects of the favorite of Parisian *salons* were prospects only. Numerous suitors had, of course, presented themselves; but although many of them, not content with urging their claims in Paris, persisted in following the object of their admiration whenever she attempted to rusticate in the little country-house possessed by Madame Gay amidst the woods of Villiers-sur-Orge, none of them seemed destined to carry off the prize. It is said that the golden-haired "*Muse*," whose ambition may possibly have been stimulated by the brilliant matrimonial alliance which had fallen to the lot of her sister, would fain have secured a coronet in choosing a husband; but, for some time, no coroneted suitor was forthcoming.

At length, however, Baron de la G— placed himself on the list of her admirers, and the fair Delphine consented to accord him her hand.

Unfortunately for her daughter, Madame Gay was accustomed to exercise almost as little control over her actions as over her tongue. Still remarkably handsome, possessing unbounded animal spirits, and passionately fond of amusement, she allowed herself very considerable license in her behaviour; and occasionally indulged in *escapades* which, though they would probably have been considered charming a couple of hundred years ago, were more severely judged by her contemporaries. Baron de la G—, though exceedingly in love with his *fiancée*, was not unnaturally annoyed at the undignified bearing of his mother-in-law elect; and the latter having, at a grand *soiree* given by Gerard, started a couple of hundred guests from their propriety, by dancing into the aristocratic saloons of the popular and distinguished painter, singing a foolish song which happened just then to be a favorite with the *gamins* of Paris, and executing meanwhile the most capricious choreographic *discrepancies*, the Baron at once demanded his release from an engagement which he no longer considered it possible to fulfil. At which point of my heroine's adventures I must lay down my pen for the nonce, reserving the remainder of her story for my next.

QUANTUM.

A MOTHER'S LOVE.—Mrs. Hughes, mother to a sergeant of the 13th Light Infantry, who lately arrived from India, went from Cork to Dublin, to meet him; and, after sitting by his side in the barracks-room for a few minutes, she sank back and expired. He had just said he would spend two months of furlough at home, and the joyous thought was too much for the mother after the anxiety she had experienced.

There is a story told of a man who met his own double—or wrath, as they call it—on the stairs; and dreadfully frightened the poor fellow was at the double presentation of himself. "Well, and what did you do?" inquired one, not of a credulous turn of mind, to whom he narrated his ghastly experience of the supernatural world. "Nothing," "Nothing!" why, if I had met myself on the stairs, I'd have knocked myself down."

"I shall no longer give you my countenance, sir." "I'm sure I don't want it, madam, for I've seldom seen a plainer one."

If we were asked to say what we considered a sign of true greatness, we should point to those who, instead of waiting for some great opportunity to do something noble, avail themselves of every-day occasions, and successfully improve the most ordinary opportunities of doing good. These are the truly great. No occasion is too insignificant for them to dignify it by improving it.

ANOTHER NEW GOWN.—A new immovable gown is making a noise at Lyons. A note, from the hand of M. de Montigny, the French Consul at Shanghai, has originated the discovery. M. de Montigny affirmed that the Chinese gown, so much esteemed in dyeing, was extracted from the bark of the baobab. This wood, which happens to grow in great abundance in the environs of Lyons, became immediately subjected to chemical experiment; and the result has proved most satisfactory. The gown is produced perfectly fast, and of most beautiful tint.

The transit across the English Channel is supposed to be the sick transit alluded to in the well-known Latin quotation.

The kitchen is the scene of many stirring events.

A man acquires more glory by defending than by attacking others.

There is no man who would not be mortified if he knew what his friends thought of him.

What the Christian world wants is more love. Love rules his kingdom without a sword.

Wait not for difficulties to cease; glory lies in overcoming them.

Destiny is the force of gravity appearing in morals.

"What makes all these apothecary shops have stone floors?" said Billy to Sam, at the counter. "Don't you know, Billy? It's so that if a feller drops his bottle he'll be sure to break it."

The *Kennel Journal* compliments the Portland ladies, and gives this sentiment once offered on a public occasion by a susceptible gentleman: "*The Ladies of Portland*—had we met them in heaven, we should have been sure they were angels."

"Take heed of crying to-morrow, to-morrow," says Luther, "for a man lives forty years before he knows himself to be a fool, and by the time he sees his folly, his life is finished; so men die before they begin to live." Jagdish Chunder Gangooly, the converted Brahmin, has gone home to preach Christianity to the Hindus. A young lady, from the State of Maine, will join him in Calcutta toward the end of the year, and become Mrs. Gangooly.

A Mrs. Fenwick and four children left Melbourne for England in the Royal Charter, and all were lost. Mr. Fenwick, the husband and father, remained in Melbourne, and about five days before the wreck, wrote to a friend in Hobart town, saying he had seen his wife and children in a dream battling in the waves and calling to him for help. The dream so preyed on his mind that he committed suicide by cutting his throat, and that on the very night of the wreck.

Powers now asks \$1,000 for a bust. The price recently paid artists in Italy is from \$400 to \$600.

To a T.—Few people are able in conversation to give the proper sound to the combined consonants *st*. They can say *twist* easily enough, but they fail to enunciate *twists*. They drop the *t* between the *s* and *tw*'s. The following lines are a good exercise to remedy this defect; they should be repeated slowly at first, then more rapidly, as the tongue learns to give the *t* always with perfect distinctness:

"Amidst the mist,
With stoutest hosts,
He thrusts his fist
Against the post,
And still insists
He sees the ghost."

A sentimental chap intends to petition Congress for a grant to improve the channels of affection, so that henceforth the "course of true love may run smooth."

"I presume you won't charge anything for just remembering me," said a one-legged sailor to a wooden-leg manufacturer.

Howard Paul, in his entertainment, relates the following characteristic anecdote of a celebrated wit:—"De Brown, who is an arrant 'snob,' and who is always boasting of the notice taken of him by the aristocracy, was vaporing one day, in presence of the late Mr. Jerrold, on his frequent banqueting with Lord Carlisle. 'It is an extraordinary thing,' De Brown said with gusto, 'his lordship gives superb dinners, with one single exception. I dined there about a month ago—vlands splendid—but there was no fish. I dined there again ten days back—same thing—no fish. I can't make it out—can you, Jerrold?' 'Oh, say,' said Douglas, with a twinkle in those wonderful eyes of his, 'there was none left up stairs.'"

An omnibus proprietor in Chicago, being deprived of his means of subsistence, by the chartering of sundry horse railroad companies, "came it" over his opponents by shortening axles and lowering the bodies of his stages, and then running them on the rails of the very concerns who had supplanted him in carrying the public. They could not prevent this proceeding, as his rights on the street were as good as theirs, and they were at length compelled to accede to his terms, purchase his stages, and pay him a round sum to abandon the enterprise.

At an agricultural dinner the following toast was given:—"The game of fortune—shuff the cards as you will, *spades* will always win."

"Erry, take the 'arrests haff the 'ore, put the 'alter hover 'is 'ead, hand give 'im 'ay and beats."

It is recorded of the famous Mr. Mytton, that having leaped over a fence into a gravel pit some thirty feet deep, he lay there with his broken leg perfectly quiet, in the hope that he might have company. Presently a farmer came down, horse and man, with grievous damage and almost on the top of him. "Why did you not warn me?" cries the unfortunate. "Why did you not halloo while there was yet time?" "Hash, h-h, you fool!" replied Mytton: "If you will only hold your nose, we shall soon have the pit full of them."

FOREIGN NEWS.

The Palace and Foreign being Liverpool advice to the 25th.

The death of Jerome Bonaparte is confirmed. Advice from Naples says that the King had accepted the propositions made by his Council for a Constitution on a liberal basis, a general amnesty, a free press, a total change in his Ministry, with other important modifications.

The National Assembly, organized by Garibaldi, are to occupy the different positions in and around Palermo, during the operations against Messina and other points on the main land.

The Imperial interview at Baden is reported as having resulted in an understanding between Austria and France respecting the re-organization of the Government of the Kingdom of the Two Sicilies.

The Emperor Napoleon is said to have determined not to recognize the annexation of Sicily, Tuscany, and the Romagna to Piedmont.

It is said that the Neapolitan government had determined to annex the two American vessels captured; but the American Minister has demanded reparation for the loss to the American flag. The vessel seized by the Neapolitans was the *Charles* and *John*, of Baltimore, Capt. Cass. The American Minister at Naples had demanded passports for his son, and two others, with permission to visit the captured vessel at Genoa.

The King of Naples is ill. It is reported that the Russian and Spanish Legations had threatened to withdraw unless Garibaldi stopped the operations in Sicily.

The British House of Lords debated the slave trade question, and adopted a resolution in favor of the re-appointment of a Committee of Enquiry, at a check, notwithstanding the opposition of the government.

It is reported that Mr. Gladstone has determined to resign on account of the lame report adopted by the committee of the House of Commons on the petition by the House of Lords in favor of repealing the paper duty.

Prince Jerome Bonaparte is expected to visit Sicily in July.

Since the return of the *Re-power* Napoleon from Baden, the troops concentrated on the Italian frontier of France have been withdrawn.

It is reported that the new French Loan Bill will call for from twenty to thirty million francs sterling.

The Paris Bourse was depressed. Canada, 6½, 4½.

The Austrians were making vast military preparations in Venice.

The Barings have introduced the new Russian loan of eight millions (at 4½ per cent.) to the London market. They were quoted at 98.

The Paris Patrie states that Garibaldi had a council of war on the evening of the 21st inst., at which it was unanimously decided that the insurrectionary army, after having collected all the necessary military forces, should march on Messina. It was expected that the march would commence on the 21st.

The Neapolitans were fortifying Messina, where 8,000 troops had been concentrated, with considerable ammunition.

The evacuation of Palermo had been completed, and the Neapolitan flag had left the port.

Garibaldi was forming twenty regiments for his operations on the main land.

The Neapolitans were in great force in Calabria.

All the communes of Sicily had presented an address requesting annexation to Piedmont.

THE CONFERENCE AT BADEN.—It is asserted that at the final conference at Baden, between the Prince Regent of Prussia and the German sovereigns, resulted in a decisive agreement on the questions relative to the German and Swiss governments. The sovereigns sanctioned their good offices to bring about an understanding between Prussia and Austria.

ENGLAND.—Lord John Russell, in acknowledging the French vote relative to Sicily, again condemned the course of France.

About thirty thousand volunteers were to be received by the Queen on the day the steamer sailed.

The Prince of Wales was to embark for his Canadian tour on the 11th of July.

The Oxford University has conferred the degree of "D. C. L." on J. Lathrop Motley, the American author.

FRANCE.—In the circular from the French government relative to Sicily, France undertakes to assume the obligations of Garibaldi for the neutrality of Vancigny and Chiala, but will not cede any territory to Switzerland. The latter government puts forth new propositions for a conference.

CHINA.—The steamer *Malabar*, having aboard Lord Kight and Baron Gros, the English and French Ambassadors, has been wrecked in the harbor of Tientsin. No lives were lost.

The bulletin in the ship, together with the credentials and all the papers of the Ambassadors were lost. The *catapultes* will be delayed at Tientsin until the 6th of June.

CANTON, May 6.—A reply from the Chinese to the last communication from the British Cabinet, is forwarded by this mail. The Chinese are actively preparing to resist. The allies have occupied Chusan, without resistance.

The trade of Canton has improved.

COMMERCIAL.—Liverpool, June 26.—Cotton is dull, with a declining tendency, though quotations are unchanged.

The Manchester advices are not so favorable.—The quotations are unchanged, but closed very irregular.

Breadstuffs.—The market closed dull, with a declining tendency. Wheat has declined 1d, and the inferior qualities of Corn are lower.

Provisions are dull, and the market closes nominal. Lard is dull at 54½d.

Produce.—Rice steady, at 4-16½d; 6d, for common. Sugar steady, Coffee quiet, Rice steady. Lard, June 26.—Coffee and Sugar close steady. Rice is heavy.

A schoolmaster in a Western village, where the custom of "boarding round" prevails, recently received notice from a Dutch matron that she "would eat him, but couldn't sleep him." He will doubtless be careful not to venture within her reach.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?—Garibaldi resolves from the Austrian and Roman newspapers opposed to him, the titles of "monster in human shape," "Antichrist," "bandit," "professional rebel," "pirate," "adventurer," &c., while the papers of Piedmont and the Romagna call him the "heroic son of Italy," the "genius of Italy," the "redeemer of Italy," and the "archangel Gabriel in human shape on earth."

We heard a gentleman remark, the other day, that eggs were "fat or lean," according to the keeping provided for the hens. Is this so? It looks reasonable.

To get up the "Conflict of Ages," ask two rival beauties how old they are.

Never fancy a woman's esteem for your character equal to her admiration of

A DISCERNING PUBLIC.

BY J. B. HARRINGTON.

I dare say the public thinks itself a remarkably clever creature—always right, always rational, always sensible, always beyond criticism—but I don't. I've seen a good deal of it, too, in my time, and I ought to know. People flatter it, and flatter it, and call it the masses, and pretend that its enlightenment is beyond question, and its judgment final; while they believe the very opposite to their own hearts, and give utterance to their real opinions in places where their voices have no influence.

I am one of those rogues, vagabonds, and cut-throats—a stage-player. I never followed my profession with the holy devotion of one who is ready to sacrifice everything for the preservation of his art; I was not such a dreamy, impracticable man; I went in to make money, and I made it. My experience taught me that those men who were always aiming at an ideal standard of perfection, were always living upon borrowed half-crowns; and as I felt no desire to live on borrowed half-crowns, I avoided aiming at an ideal standard of perfection. My principle was ever to suit my market. If there had been a demand for a Highland fling in the middle of March, when I performed the chief character, I should have complied with it at once, without wasting much consideration upon the laws of taste, or the outraged names of the immortal Shakespeare. If Othello could have been made more attractive by a few gymnastic evolutions before the curtain, I should not have hesitated, when I was entrusted with the Moor, to turn him, for a time, into a bounding Bodein of the desert. For all emergencies of this kind I was thoroughly prepared, and my versatile accomplishments made me a very useful member of the company. I have gone on with a violin and a wig between the pieces, and have turned an air into such discordant variations that the public were in confusion, or believed they were, and applauded the distinguished foreign performer till the house re-echoed.

Four things! If they had seen the laughter at their expense behind the curtain; if they had heard the criticisms that were uttered upon the criticisms in some of the journals, the newspaper writer would not have been quite so much in love with his art, and the self-elected jury of the stalls would not have been quite so confident in their judgment.

My occupation gave me a thorough contempt for my audience. Their applause had no value in my eyes, except for its effect upon my manager, as I generally found that it was lavished in the wrong place, and caught by every clap-trap trick I chose to lay for it. The same highly discriminating approbation that was bestowed upon me, was equally at the command of the elegant Miss Flinders, when she betwined upon black hair and the Penny Cyclopædia; or the unblinking Mr. Brummage, when he exposed the whole art and mystery of picking pockets. I found that to study character—to search laboriously for appropriate costume—to spend hours in anxious thought before a looking-glass, trying to catch some fleeting aspect of face, some subtle peculiarity of gesture—was like throwing down a gauntlet of defiance to the world; like trying to beat your fellow creatures by inventing a steam-engine, or introducing vaccination. I never did it; oh, no! but I saw many miserable visionaries around me who did. Poor devils! they are nearly all now in asylums or in workhouses!

It is never wise for a popular favorite to risk an anti-climax. When he feels that he has done his best, or what is so considered by a discerning public, he should gracefully retire from that branch of his profession, lest by foolishly lingering he should weaken a successful impression. This is my rule of action, and I have always observed it. After appearing in a drama, which ran triumphantly for two hundred nights, in the last scene of which I was shot from the mouth of a cannon, I felt that I had reached the apex of my art, and that the most judicious course would be to announce my farewell performance. The manager was astonished at my determination, not knowing its cause; and I might have obtained a temporary advantage by a considerable increase of salary. Seeing nothing before me, however, after such a popular triumph of high art and public appreciation, but a down-hill series of representations, growing weaker and weaker, I rejected the offer, and bade a final adieu to the legitimate drama.

I believe, when I thus left the theatre in the full tide of my success, that I might have commanded anything that a grateful public had to give, even to the costly surfrage of a select constituency. I gave no encouragement to those friends who hinted at such a questionable mark of distinction, but devoted all my attention to a more congenial and equally respectable field of enterprise—the light-rope.

I found that public executions, prize-fights, holdings of the mad men, turning bulls loose with fireworks, dog-fighting, rat-killing, badger-drawing, cock-sparring, and many other permanent amusements, had been formerly put down by acts of Parliament, rather than destroyed by an improvement in taste and humanity; and that when any exhibition of a peculiarly dangerous but strictly legal character was advertised to take place, there was always a difficulty in finding room for the visitors. Inferring from this that the public of to-day was marvellously like the public of yesterday; and feeling that though Blackley-in-the-Hole, with all its brutal glories, had ceased to exist, there were hundreds of popular gardens ready to outshine its historical reputation, I turned my attention to the tight-rope and its adjuncts, with a view of realising a competency in the shortest space of time, and of showing that the study of the fine arts had not much softened the manners of the people.

Before a twelvemonth had rolled by, and the Whitenside holidays of a second season had set in, the walls of the metropolis were covered with blood-red placards, announcing that a Signor Lunatic had been engaged, at an immense expense, to go through one of the most daring acts upon the aerial rope that had ever been presented to the notice of a discerning British public. It was Signor Lunatic; and the daring act was all, and even more, than I

professed to be—a wild and fantastic dalliance with outside. I had had enough of hypocrisies and sham in connection with the legitimate drama; and this time I was about to earn my golden reward without deception.

The day, the hour, the minute arrived, at last, and never had such an audience assembled before at the Royal Greenacre Gardens. Every publicity had been given to the entertainment—the prospect of sudden death had been delicately hinted at—nothing, in fact, had been neglected by my intelligent manager, who had long felt the public pulse in such matters, and the result was that twenty thousand happy and amiable beings were accommodated within the grounds, while fifty thousand more clung desperately to the walls of their paradise, and a larger number still were jammed in the outer darkness of a remote distance. People were tramped under foot, like a field of corn; the weakest went to the wall, and never came back again; mothers squeezed into the crowd with children at the breast, and—law's-day! who would have thought it!—the poor helpless innocents were smothered; house-tops were worth a guinea a foot in pure virgin gold; and every chimney within a mile of the place was the home of some straining column-stander. The tall old elms that encircled the gardens were full to bowing down with eager human fruit; platforms of slender planks were hurriedly raised, which snapped like egg-shells under a brewer's dray, crippling many a determined sight-seer in the splintered ruin; tall men were looked upon with dangerous spite by belted and battered dwarfs, who felt inclined to bound upon the giants' shoulders, and wind themselves in their hair, like star-fish among the seaweed. A row of scaffolding before some newly-raised carcasses of buildings at no great distance, was stormed like a fortress, at almost the same cost, while the empty, unseasoned skeletons of dwellings seemed to rock under the weight of heavy men, who clung to them as to a sinking wreck; and in the outskirts of the crowd a boy was murdered by a savage gang of costermongers because he refused to give up a telescope.

And what was the moving cause of all this excitement and wide-spread interest? A human being had undertaken to ascend a cord stretched from its root in the earth, to a small harbor of refuge near the top of a lofty tree, some two hundred feet high; and while in the centre of his perilous journey—at the half-way house of death—by throwing several clear summersaults in mid-air, to linger and dally with that fearful suicide, which was just covered, but not concealed, by the thin disguise of a clever gymnastic entertainment. Truly the British public had much ground for priding itself upon its rapid advance in taste and humanity!

The clock had already struck the hour at which I had promised to ascend, and the clown's dress, which I had selected for the probable sacrifice, was hardly put on in all its fantastic brilliancy; there was some pleasure in thinking that if I fell (as fall I might, although I felt pretty sure of my nerve and skill,) I should die in the most absurd costume of the whole mummery wardrobe. I knew that the hundred thousand fools who came to gloat upon the daring act would want to see my body after death; and, while I had made arrangements to turn even this catastrophe to profitable posthumous account, I was desirous that my corpse should present an instructive picture. The terms of Jeremy Bentham's will, in which he left his remains to science and Southwood Smith, could not have been stricter than the last will and testament of Signor Lunatic.

The manager came in with a gold watch in his hand, very nervous at the delay, and fearful that, at the eleventh hour, I repented of my rashness.

"My dear sir," he said, "don't let me hurry you at such a moment, but the people are beginning to get impatient."

"Couldn't you murder a baby, a waiter, or something of that kind," I replied, "to appease them?"

"Sir?" he returned, excitedly, not seeming to comprehend me.

"Suppose," I said, "I feel heart-sick, and unequal to the effort?"

"Mr. War—, I beg pardon, Signor Lunatic," gasped the manager and proprietor of the Royal Greenacre Gardens, "I trust I am dealing with a gentleman!"

"Yes," I replied; "but gentlemen are human, and this experiment requires nerves that are superhuman."

"Mr. —, Signor," returned the manager, "this is no time for bandying words. There's fifty thousand people in and about my gardens, who will tear everybody and everything to pieces if they're disappointed."

"Of their prey," I filled in.

"Sir," continued the manager, becoming more and more excited, "I don't understand you."

"Are they Christians?" I continued; "are they white men?"

"Sir," repeated the gasping manager, "I don't understand you. They're paid their money."

"Oh, I beg your pardon," I said; "pray announce that I shall be ready in a second."

"Thank you, Signor," he said, much relieved, as he left the place; and the next moment he heard the loud brass band playing the "Conquering Hero," &c.

I did it. Step by step I went up the rope, and as my howling enemies, the public, stood surging below, and uttered what they meant to be applause every time I moved my motley-covered leg, I felt a contempt for my fellow-creatures that almost amounted to ecstasy. The summersaults were successfully effected at a point from which the enlightened audience looked more contemptible still; and from my peaceful haven in the lefty tree-top, they appeared to have sunk into utter insignificance.

The daring feat, after a few months' performance, lost at once its novelty and its reputation for daring. As I demonstrated by experiment that a series of summersaults could be effected with the same mathematical certainty upon a rope a hundred and fifty feet above the ground as upon the ground itself, my visitors fell off by degrees, and the advanced prices of admission were considerably diminished.

From the moment that the shadow of death no longer hovered over the feat, an enlightened audience could see nothing wonderful in it.

TOO LATE.

Had I speak low—tread softly—
Draw the sheet aside:
Yes, she does look peaceful:
With that smile she died.

Yet stern want and sorrow
Ere now you trace
On the wan, worn features
Of the still, white face.

Restless, hapless, hopeless,
Was her bitter part;
Now, how still the violet
Lies upon her heart.

She who toiled and labored
For her daily bread
The velvet hangings
Of this stately bed.

Yes, they did forgive her,
Brought her home at last,
Strive to cover over
Their reluctant past.

Ah, they would have given
Wealth, and name, and pride,
To see her looking happy
Once before she died.

They strove hard to please her,
But, when death is near,
All you know is deadness—
Hope, and joy, and fear.

And, besides, you sorrow—
Deeper still, one pain—
Was beyond them; healing
Came to-day in vain.

If she had but lingered
Just a few hours more;
Or had this letter reached her
Just one day before!

I can almost pity
Even him to-day,
Though he let this anguish
Beat her heart away.

Yet she never blamed him:
One day you shall know
How this sorrow happened:
It was long ago.

I have read his letter:
Many a weary year
For one word she hungered—
There are thousands here!

If she could but hear it,
Could but understand:
See, I put the letter
In her cold white hand.

Even these words, so longed for,
Do not stir her rest:
Well, I should not murmur,
For God judges best.

She needs no more pity:
But I mourn his fate,
When he hears his letter
Came a day too late.

THE LOVER'S PRIDE.

I believe there is no period of life so happy as that in which a thriving lover leaves his mistress after his first success. His joy is more perfect then than at the moment of his own absolute eager vow, and her half-ascending blushes. Then he is thinking mostly of her, and is to a certain degree embarrassed by the effort necessary for success. But when the promise has once been given to him, and he is able to escape into the domain of his own heart, he is as a conqueror who has mastered half a continent by his own strategy. It never occurs to him, he hardly believes that his success is no more than that which is the ordinary lot of mortal man. He never reflects that all the old married fogies whom he knows and despises, have just as much ground for pride, if such pride were enduring; that every fat, silent, dull, commonplace old lady whom he sees and quizzes, has at some period been deemed as worthy a prize as his precious gallop; and so deemed by as bold a captor as himself. Some one has said that every young mother, when her first child is born, regards the babe as the most wonderful production of that description which the world has yet seen. And this, too, is true. But I doubt even whether that conviction, is so strong as the conviction of the young successful lover, that he has achieved a triumph which should ennoble him down to late generations. As he goes along he has a contempt for other men, for they know nothing of such a glory as his. As he pores over his Blackstone, he remembers that he does so, not so much that he may acquire law, as that he may acquire Fanny; and then all other porers over Blackstone are low and mean in his sight—are mere money in their views and unfortunate in their ideas, for they have no Fanny in view.

PLEASURES OF CONTENTMENT.—I have a rich neighbor that is always so busy that he has no leisure to laugh; the whole business of his life is to get money, and more money. He is still dragging on, saying that Solomon says, "The diligent hand maketh rich." And it is true, indeed. But he considers not that it is not in the power of riches to make men happy, for it was wisely said, by a man of great observation, "that there be as many miseries beyond riches as on this side of them." And yet God deliver us from a pinching poverty, and grant that, having a competency, we may be content and thankful. Let us not repine, or so much as think the gifts of God unequally dealt, if we see another abound with riches, when, as God knows, the care that are the hoards that keep those riches, hang often so heavily at the rich man's girdle, that they clog him with weary days and restless nights, even when others sleep quietly. We see but the outside of the rich man's happiness; few consider him to be like the silk worm, that, when he seems to play, is at the very same time spinning and consuming himself. And this many rich men do—leading themselves with corroding care, to keep what they have already got. Let us, therefore, be thankful for health, and contentment, and, above all, for a quiet conscience.

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LONDON RIDING.

A correspondent of the London Field describes the fashionable riders of "Rotten Row" in London, as follows:—

Oh, what some power the gifts give us,
To see ourselves as others see us.—Burns.

A slight sketch of some of the various phases of equestrianism exhibited daily in the ride in Hyde Park may perhaps amuse your readers, as I am confident that there are more extraordinary specimens of the bad, or, perhaps, I should rather say the ludicrous, school of equestrianism to be seen there than ever colored the inventive brains of a "Dorset, a Batty, or a Cooke," whose "Scenes in the Circle" are quite eclipsed by the *ad hoc* performers to be seen free gratis, for nothing, any fine afternoon in Rotten Row.

The ladies, of course, take the precedence, and I must do them the justice to say that they are less open to the accusation of making themselves conspicuous by the assumption of peculiarities in dress and manner than the gentlemen, though they certainly show a weakness in favor of gay colors and feathers, as to the propriety of which there is, to say the least of it, a considerable difference of opinion; yet still I can venture to draw the attention of the fair equestrians, and of your numerous readers, to no less than five different varieties of performers, and each fair lady can, of course, examine herself as to which of these classes she belongs.

1. The shape of jelly. Many fair equestrians seem to think that the more motion they can give their bodies while on horseback the more graceful and attractive is their appearance. That, I can assure them, is a very great mistake, and the idea that a lady's head is, as it were, only tacked on loosely to her shoulders, and in some danger of coming off, is anything but agreeable to the spectator or becoming to the fair lady. I am, however, very far from advocating an unnatural stiffness.

2. The spread eagle appears with her elbows held out alarmingly far from her side, and her hands well out before her, so that her body is as much distended as it will can be. This style seems adopted for the purpose of display, and, while challenging criticism, seems to express the words, "This is the way to do it;" and as it is so stiff, and far too elaborate, it is not by any means to be commended.

3. The corker is a much inferior variety to the last, and the specimens, I am sorry to say, are rather more numerous. If ladies will not endeavor to sit straight on their horses, so as to be able to look straight before their horse's head, and while sitting crooked try to rise in the stirrup while trotting, the corker movement is inevitable; and no perfection of figure, taste in dress, or beauty in the animal on which she is mounted, can by any possibility render a "corker" otherwise than exceedingly ungraceful.

4. The look-at-me act is that practised by a few young ladies who, when not going at a smart—extra smart—canter, keep their horses in a perpetual trot; and the foam-covered bit and restless movements of the animal make the spectator sometimes think that the fair equestrian

Provokes the sapper that she seems to chide.

I am aware that the above appearances are sometimes caused by natural fretfulness of temper, and at other times by the saddle having shifted in the course of the afternoon's ride so as to become uneasy to the horse; but from the smile of conscious enjoyment that often betokens the face of his fair burden, I am inclined to think that the horse gets frequent sly hints that these capricious movements are not disagreeable to her. Oh, yes!

5. The quirt at home act requires no remarks from me, except to congratulate the fair, (and I am happy to say numerous ladies come under this heading), on the possession of that which is in itself so graceful and becoming, for a lady with a good figure, well dressed, properly mounted, and with a good seat on horseback, seldom appears to more advantage; and long may they continue to practice and enjoy that graceful exercise which gives brilliancy to the eyes and complexion, and healthful vigor to the frames of England's fairest daughters.

And now a few words as to the gentlemen.

1. The lounge is a much more difficult seat to acquire in perfection than at first sight may appear to the uninitiated observer. A first-class "lounge" must be an excellent horseman; he must know his horse well, and the animal must be a thoroughly well-broken park hack, and accustomed to a crowd, otherwise he will be sure to come to grief. The point to be studied while acting the part of a "lounge" is the appearance of a total oblivion of everything and everybody, self included, at the time—a careless abandon in attitude, and an especial forgetfulness that the "lounge" happens to be in the saddle at the time. I saw a "lounge" reminded of things terrestrial in a very effective manner awhile ago; he was a very fine specimen, and had evidently studied hard to become one; he was cantering in a sleepy sort of manner on the wrong side of Rotten Row, and of course not looking which way he was going, when he was suddenly brought in collision with a groom galloping after his master, and not expecting to meet any person going in the opposite direction, and, as the "lounge" was sitting loosely, he and his horse were both gravelled, but without more damage than a tailor could rectify. Any one with the requisite qualifications, who likes to practise assiduously the hints I have briefly given above, may hope in the course of time to be perhaps taken some day for "a real lounge."

2. The foreigner is much addicted to long stirrups and fast trotting, and being generally all hat, beard, and mustache, makes himself an object of attention, mixed with a considerable amount of ridicule; but as he seems pleased with his own performance, and the spectators do what he wishes, viz.: look at and laugh at him, he may be said to make himself as conspicuous as he by any possibility can desire.

3. The horsey is a style of equestrianism that evidently challenges observation and criticism, as the whole turn-out is so elaborately got up, from the round, narrow-brimmed hat, cut-away coat, long-bodied waistcoat, and very

tight trousers, that it is quite evident the specimen before us has no ambition to be taken for anything better than a rather flashy groom out of place. I say out of place, because, if he had been in place, and in his place, he would have been in the Row in livery behind his master; and as he evidently wishes to be taken for a groom, I cannot help thinking that he is tolerably successful in the object of his ambition. These very "horsey gentlemen," however, sometimes make a very great mistake by even appearing actually in the saddle, for, unless they are really good riders, their appearance on horseback quickly betrays the fact that, so far from being decidedly of the equestrian order, and that it is only by the merest accident that they are ever seen on foot, they are indebted to their tailors for the error which the public is led into by appearance, which are proverbially deceitful, viz.: that they live, move, and have their being on horseback.

4. Out for the day so evidently is determined to have his pound of (horse) flesh for his money, that, as he urges his screw up and down the ride, generally going faster than the unfortunate quadruped on which he is seated, but which he cannot be said to ride, and as he wipes his dewy brow, he must find at the end of the day that, from various causes, he is considerably lighter than when he first clambered into the saddle.

I could enlarge upon many other varieties of the equestrian order to be seen every day in Rotten Row, such as "the would be military," "the eccentric," "the tongs," &c., but your space has already been occupied quite sufficiently, and your readers will perceive that in Rotten Row they will find an inexhaustible amount of humorous scenes out of the circle to amuse them, and a spectacle which, take it for all in all, cannot be equalled anywhere.

CHASERUE.

STEP-MOTHERS.

It is not pure Rhydium to be the stepmother of fine kicking stepdaughters, nor is there anything very sentimental in the mode in which the stepmother is generally introduced into her new home. Let us suppose that a widower has married his first wife for love, that he has been tenderly attached to her, and that they and their children have made up a very happy family party. A dark day comes, and the wife dies. At first the husband is overwhelmed with grief, and the children feel some sort of sorrow too. But the business of life must go on. There is dinner every day to order—there are accounts to keep—servants to hire and discharge—lessons to learn and to superintend. The widower finds that all this is too much for him. If he leaves everything in the hands of a servant or governess, he knows that he is probably cheated and certainly bullied, and his daughters are under the care of a person in an inferior position of life. If he gets a female relation to keep house, he is exposed to all the difficulties that accompany governing a house through the medium of an inmate who has no legitimate authority in it. At last he begins to think that he had better give his establishment a new mistress. He looks about. As to love, he makes no pretence of it whatever. He does not marry because he likes, but because he cannot help it. In many instances his fortune is not sufficient for more than the children of the first wife; and therefore, if he is prudent, he requires a little money with his second. Still, for various reasons, he can generally succeed in his search. There are so many women without any home or recognized position, and so many who are ashamed of remaining unmarried and afraid of a solitary old age, that he is pretty sure to light upon one who will come to terms with him. But then it is a pure bargain. In return for an establishment, the lady agrees to marry without love, and to make the care of another woman's daughters one of the duties of her married life. She knows that she is married because it is convenient for the widower to marry her—and she knows her own very prosaic reasons for entering into the engagement.

But if little sentiment exists, the call of duty is clear; and many a stepmother who subsequently meets with abuse starts with a desire to do her duty. How hard it is to perform a duty where sentiment is conspicuously absent, those who know can tell; and she soon comes upon her trials. The children are prepared to give her all the trouble they can. They remember the kindnesses and forget the weaknesses of their own mother. Every old servant who is found fault with tells them privately how different things were in their dear mamma's time. Every novel they read treats the injustice and cruelty of stepmothers as a fact as clearly ascertained and as invariable as that bees make honey, or that wool comes from sheep. Every fault the stepmother commits is seized on as a sign that she is true to the character of her class; and the children triumph in the vindication of a general truth. Nor is she sure of receiving support from the husband. For it was part of his bargain that he should be comfortable at home; and if family disputes render him uncomfortable, he complains that the terms of the agreement have not been observed. He is apt to side with the children as against a legal wrong-doer. The wife, although she may have married prosaically, does not like to stand this—she does not like to be set at naught in her own house, and she determines to get the better of her husband. Every source of domestic anarchy thus becomes increased, until the entire house is plunged into all the miseries of a sort of civil war. But the poor stepmother bears the entire blame!

In some cases, however, the stepmother's rule is not only unsubmitted to, but lovingly acquiesced in. And when this happens, you will almost invariably find that all the parties concerned—whatever their station in life—are very superior people.

CONCERN.—No woman can be a lady who would not or mortify another. No matter how beautiful, how refined, how cultivated she may be, she is in reality coarse, and the innate vulgarity of her nature manifests itself here. Uniformly kind, courteous and polite treatment of all persons, is one mark of a true woman, and of a true man, also.

THE FIRST LADY PEEL.

Mr. Robert Peel, the first baronet and the second manufacturer of the name, inherited of his father's enterprise, ability, and industry. His position at starting in life was little above that of an ordinary working man, for his father, though laying the foundations of future prosperity, was still struggling with the difficulties arising from insufficient capital. When Robert was only twenty years of age, he determined to begin the business of cotton printing, which he had by this time learnt from his father, on his own account. His uncle, James Harcourt, and William Yates, of Blackburn, joined him in his enterprise, the whole capital which they could raise among them amounting only to about £500, the principal part of which was supplied by William Yates. His father kept a small inn in Blackburn, where he was known as "Yates-o-the-Bell," and having saved money by his business, he was willing to advance sufficient to give his son a start in the lucrative trade of cotton printing, then in its infancy. Robert Peel, though comparatively a mere youth, supplied the practical knowledge of the business; but it was said of him, and proved true, that he "carried an old head on young shoulders." A ruined corn-mill, with its adjoining fields, was purchased for a comparatively small sum, near the then insignificant town of Dury, where the works long after continued to be known as "The Gravel," and, a few wooden sheds having been run up, the firm commenced their cotton-printing business in a very humble way, in the year 1779, adding to it that of cotton-spinning a few years later. The frugal style in which the partners lived may be inferred from the following incident in their early career: William Yates, being a married man with a family, commenced housekeeping on a small scale; and to oblige Peel, who was single, he agreed to take him as a lodger. The sum which the latter first paid for board and lodging was only eight shillings a week; but Yates, considering this too little, insisted on the weekly payment being increased a shilling, to which Peel at first demurred, and a difference between the partners took place, which was eventually compromised by the lodger paying an advance of sixpence a week. William Yates's eldest child was a girl, named Ellen; and she very soon became an especial favorite with the young lodger. On returning from his hard day's work at "The Gravel," he would take the little girl upon his knee, and say to her, "Nelly, those bonny little dear, will thou be my wife?" to which the child would readily answer, "Yes," as any child would do. "Then I'll wait for thee, Nelly; I'll wed thee and none else." And Robert Peel did wait. As the girl grew in beauty towards womanhood, his determination to wait for her was strengthened; and after a lapse of ten years—years of close application to business and rapidly increasing prosperity—Robert Peel married Ellen Yates when she had completed her seventeenth year; and the pretty child whom her mother's lodger and father's partner had nursed upon his knee, became Mrs. Peel, and eventually Lady Peel, the mother of the future Prime Minister of England. Lady Peel was a noble and beautiful woman, fitted to grace any station in life. She possessed rare powers of mind, and was, in every emergency, the high-souled and faithful counsellor of her husband. For many years after their marriage, she acted as his amanuensis, conducting the principal part of his business correspondence; for Mr. Peel himself was as indifferent and almost unintelligible writer. She died in 1803, only three years after her baronetcy had been conferred upon her husband. It is said that London fashionable life—so unlike what he had been accustomed to at home—proved injurious to her health; and old Mr. Yates was afterwards accustomed to say, "If Robert hadn't made our Nelly a 'Lady,' she might have been living yet."—*Smiles's Self-Help.*

MAKING LOVE.—There is no such process as making love. The article cannot be manufactured. It is the spontaneous growth of the heart. Or rather it springs from a spiritual seed planted in a warm maternal soil, and is half a passion flower, and half a heavenly exotic. As the soul survives the body, so the divine essence of love survives its passionate instinct. This is always the case where the sentiment is genuine. But unfortunately spurious love is as common as spurious money, and as frequently passes current. Many men fancy themselves deeply in love, who have not the slightest idea of what the feeling is, its purity and plenitude, really is. Such persons mistake mere passion for affection. Their love, as they call it, lacks the divine heaven. It is coarse, selfish, ungratified, and being wholly "of the earth, earthy," is sure to be ephemeral. No true woman was ever made permanently happy by such love as this; but alas! how many place faith in it, and after giving it exchange for it all the wealth of their hearts, find too late that they have made a blind and thriftless bargain.

THROWING SNOWBALLS.—The following paragraph is from the Dublin Chronicle, of 27th of December, 1857:—

"The practice of throwing snowballs in the public streets is not less dangerous in its consequences than fatal in its effects, an instance of which occurred last Monday evening:—A gentleman passing through Marybone Lane was hit by a fellow in the face with a large snowball, upon which he immediately pulled out a pistol, pursued the man, and shot him dead. Those deluded people are therefore cautioned against such practices, as in similar circumstances they are liable, by Act of Parliament, to be shot, without any pretences or damage accruing to the person who should fire."

SPANISH PROVERB.—Water that has run by will turn no mill. Love, a horse, and money, carry a man through the world. Three things kill a man; a hot sun, supper, and trouble. To shave an ass is a waste of labor. If the gossip is not in her own house, she is in somebody else's. Don't speak ill of the year till it is over. Every race has its liar, wanton, and thief. The mother-in-law forgets she was once a daughter-in-law. A moving cat is no monster. She must be fond of greens who kisses the garden. Men are as grateful for kind deeds as the sea is when you fling it a cap of water.

BY MRS. ALFRED M. MUNSTER

Dry thy tears, enjoy thy guerdon,
Let the heart thou hast betrayed
Mourn above the wreck and ruin
Which thy vain ambition made.
For thyself—with rank and riches
Thou hast cast thy brilliant lot:
Then be calm, and pray to Heaven
That the old time be forgot.

DANESBURY HOUSE

CHAPTER XVI.

MEETING OF OLD FRIENDS.

It was to me; for I had every sensation of a dying man. After mercy so great accorded me, so direct an answer to my earnest prayer, how could I relapse into a careless or evil life? It was prolonged to me to redeem it;

"A long while ago. If you put water and me before me now, I would take the former in preference. I did not like it at first—I

'Well—I hardly know what to tell you. I had great hopes that his marriage was to wondrous; and, both before it and after it,

"She did love her porter," resumed Isabel, at she says she loves her children better, and therefore makes the sacrifice: and a real sacri-

Well, sir, there ain't any life you!" exclaimed the gratified man, after a pause of punishment—"but ^{we} carry the gentleman ^{to} your face. Can do anything else, sir?—

and them. There was some probability
the public house had been visited, and
verruin changed, for her face was flush-
ed, and she smelled of gin.

"Had these 'punks' been closed to-night, as other shops are," thought Arthur, to himself, "the crowd would have been immense."

"Where is it?" asked the colonel, looking at his son.

"Somewhere," he said to the man. "I will direct you further, then."

His present destination was the Queen's Hotel. Arrived there, he was somewhat puzzled; for he did not dare leave Robert alone in the city, but he might attempt to escape. He ordered a waiter to be called to him.

"I cannot elope," said he to the man. "Go into my room, put my shawl and other things into the postman's bag, and bring it down. And my bill with it. We are in a hurry."

The waiter did as he was told. Arthur called the bill, and ordered the driver to proceed to the railway station; and by the first train that started, he and the disguised Robert were being whirled to Northborough.

So Robert and Lionel Danesbury had returned to their father's home. Robert's disgraceful crime was not allowed to transpire beyond the family; he was supplied with suitable clothes, and it was supposed, by the neighborhood, that he had only come home for a temporary sojourn. But that supposition was gradually dispelled.

What was to become of Robert? Who was to support him? He was to live like a gentleman at home, upon the labors of others; or was he to go out into the world, and starve? Of course there was but the first alternative. He was unfit for everything; but, to keep him from idleness, or something worse, Mr. Danesbury assigned him some light employment in the works. Robert did not, for shame, object openly; he was conscious of his crime, and of the leniency which had been shown him; but when with his choice companions—and he was not long in finding such—he complained in a high and lofty strain, of the being forced to muddle with "trade," of the degradation it was to him, Robert Danesbury, ex-lieutenant, an officer, and a gentleman!

CHAPTER XVIII.

EVEN COVERS.

The months and the years went on, and the names of the young Danesburys became a by-word in Northborough. What was it that was blanching Mr. Danesbury's cheeks, and rending his father's heart? "The boys have become confirmed drunks!" they whispered to each other. It was so. Not occasional ones, as was the case when Robert first went home, but habitual. Night by night, sometimes early, sometimes not till morning, they would reel home partially intoxicated, or be brought in, helpless.

One day, a farmer, residing in the neighborhood, met Thomas Harding, and stopped him. "What's going to become of those two young Danesburys?" he inquired. "They are carrying on like gamblers."

Thomas Harding, a hale old man now shook his head.

"It is a sad thing," Mr. Robert never comes to the factory, and his father cannot get him to it."

"I would not keep him at home in idleness," cried the farmer, indignantly. "Mr. Danesbury has no other resource. He cannot turn him out to beg, or starve."

"Wouldn't it, though. He would look out for himself, if he were forced to it; and he won't have his father always here. I should send him back to London, and let him shift for himself."

Thomas Harding was silent. He knew what few others did.

"How much longer does Dr. Pratt intend to keep on the job?" Mr. Lionel.

"Keep him on," echoed Thomas Harding. "He is a partner."

"Well, it is Pratt's own look out," returned the farmer, "but if he retains Lionel Danesbury, he won't retain patients. The wife of our carrier, Ann Jones, was taken ill yesterday afternoon. Dr. Pratt had notice to attend her, and was asked to come himself; for she was afraid of young Danesbury, after what she saw of him when he came, half seas over, to that boy who was caught in the threshing machine."

"I heard of that," interrupted Thomas Harding.

"So did all Northborough. I should think that let me go on. Pratt was sent for yesterday, but he was out, and young Danesbury was. He was all right, they say, except being a little shaky, and talked and cheered up Ann Jones so pleasantly, that she was glad he had come, instead of the old gentleman."

"I am glad he was all right!" again interrupted Thomas Harding.

"You have not heard the end," said the farmer, significantly. "My wife had been in bed, Ann Jones, and made her a present of a bottle of brandy, knowing it's sometimes wanted, and had drawn the cork, for the Joneses don't get a corker, and had put it loosely in, and the bottle on their kitchen mantel-shelf. Jones wasn't over quick, and Mr. Lionel's sometimes in her room, and sometimes wait."

"In the kitchen," he said, to one of the women that he would be a spouse of it, for he was thirsty, and he brought him a glass and some cold water, a left him. An hour, or so, passed; they were, and he did not come back to the patient, who was getting very bad, and one of them went to call him. There he was, lying on the bench, as if he was a lord, and the brandy bottle three paces off."

"Too far gone to be of use," said Thomas Harding.

"Too far gone for anything," said the farmer, "but to a drunken man? My wife happened to go there, just as they found him, and she ran home again, and sent a messenger to bring for Mr. Pratt. The old doctor was at home then, and made haste, and was not a minute too soon. But, suppose he had not been found? The woman might have lost her life."

"It is very distressing," exclaimed Thomas Harding.

Arthur, if old Dr. Pratt can't attend himself, when anybody's ill, we shall call to the opposition doctor. I would not trust a cut finger to Lionel Danesbury."

The farmer's prophecy proved to be correct. Mr. Pratt was compelled to put away Lionel Danesbury. He dissolved the partnership, and took another gentleman in his place; so that Lionel, like Robert, was an idle vagabond on the face of the earth. Their evenings were, almost without exception, consumed in drinking, and their mornings were wasted in sleeping off the effects of the liquor. Their mother scolded, and implored, and wept; and their father reasoned, and persuaded, and threatened by turns. As for them, they would promise amendment in the light of the mid-day sun, when their heads were reeled with pain, and their hearts softened by contrition. Mr. Danesbury repeated to them the question of others—what would they be fit for, what would become of them, if they continued these courses? look at their already clouded intellects and shaking frames! He would ask how it was that the dreadful habit was suffered to come upon them; to grow to such a height. They would reply, and with truth, that they could not tell; they never thought they were falling into habitual intemperance.

No. Few do. For it is the most insidious vice that exists; no other evil, whether of crime or failing, steals so unconsciously over the victim as this is fastening on. To what can its stealthy steps be compared? I am at a loss to say. Silently as the darkness covers the light at the close of day; imperceptibly as appears the first glimmer of morning; surely and quickly as winter succeeds to summer, and summer to winter; or step by step, unperceivedly and subtly, as glides on the approach of death? It is like unto all these; yet unlike; for though the darkness of the coming night, the light of the early morning, the gliding away of the seasons, and the grasp of the grave are things not in our own hands, or under our own power, and we could no more alter their order of working, than we could alter the truths of Holy Writ; yet the other, the sin that creeps on us like unto these, is under our own control, and we might arrest its progress in the onset, and thrust it far away.

Robert and Lionel Danesbury could have done this. They would not now. Oh, no! it was scarcely still in their power. So long as the cup of liquor could be obtained, they flew to it; they could not abstain: it was like the *ignis fatuus* which allures a traveller to his destruction. A yearning for amendment would at chance periods come over them. They saw men around them, the playfellows of their childhood, the companions of their youth, who were fulfilling their appointed duties in the world, honored and respected; but they knew it would be as easy to turn the sun from its course, as to turn them from the ruin they had entered upon.

They were not backward to declare that they would give over these practices, and become steady men. Their mother would, over and over again, put trust in their word, and pity them, and carry them tea, or a mess of broth, to their rooms in a morning, and urge them to partake of it, to "do them good." They did not turn angrily away from her, but they did from what she offered them—that was of no use to slake their thirst; they must have something else. Stealthily they would sup something else, of a different nature, and go down stairs, and—stealthily again, for they did not like their mother to see them drink it, in those moments of promised amendment—revert to the ale barrel, and consume long draughts of its contents. Ere half an hour elapsed, they would be as thirsty as before. A tumbler of brandy was what they longed for, but Mrs. Danesbury rigidly kept spirits and wine, now, under lock and key; though occasionally they would smuggle a bottle in, and hide it in their bed rooms. Filling brandy, they kept on at the ale, and, by the time evening came, were more thirsty than when they began. Unheeded, uncared for, or, if thought of, their physical and moral strength were not equal to carry them out, for the temptations of the public houses, and the fellowship of their boon companions were irresistible.

Mr. and Mrs. Danesbury became old, and grey, and broken. Mrs. Danesbury's very nature seemed changed. There was little anger or scolding now; tears in plenty, and midnight wailings. The dreadful habits her two sons had fallen into, were no longer hidden from any; they could not be! and she was often tempted to speak of them to the servants, or to friends. Speak she must, to some one, or her heart would break.

Bitter, bitter repentance had taken hold of Mrs. Danesbury. Her grief had led her to the only safe fountain of consolation, where she had never gone in a right way before, and her heart was softening, and things were becoming clear to her. She looked back on the past, and in her self-reproach almost feared that she could never be forgiven. She had loved her children, been proud of them, been vain of them, had indulged them reprehensibly, winked at their faults, joined them in deceiving their father in trifles, been anxious to further their worldly interests. But what else had she done? Striven untruly to lead them to God!—corrected their failings, trained them in strict habits of temperance, encouraged in them social virtues, shown them their duties, made them look on home as the dearest spot on earth? No; she had never done this. And, dreadful as were the present fruits, she knew that she was only reaping what she had sown. Often and often was the useless woe wailed forth from her heart, that she had remained Miss St. George, or else been a childless widow.

But about this time there appeared to be a change for the better taking place in Lionel. A little for the better: not much. He less frequently forgot himself, came in earlier at night, and was more careful of his dress; for both he and Robert had fallen into slovenly habits in that respect. The change was hailed with eagerness by Mrs. Danesbury, who looked up, it is supposed, to reformation. The real cause, however, came to light.

The change, frequented by Robert and Lionel was the Whetstone. It was kept by a man, named Bing, and his wife, who had been up to their elbows in rather a superior manner. There were three of them, daughter, a shrew girl, too shrewy, in their thought, to

wait upon his customers, so two of them had been sent from home to learn the drumming; the other, Katherine, an exceedingly well-conducted girl, remained with her mother. It began to be removed in Northborough, that Lionel Danesbury had lately been seen walking with this girl; but, as in often the case, the last person to suspect it was Mrs. Bing, until one evening a gossip went into the Whetstone and asked her if she knew where Kate was?

"She's up stairs," answered Mrs. Bing. "She went up after tea."

"Did she?" quoth the visitor, in a significant tone. "She's not there now, at any rate. She's in the lane yonder, a-walking with young Mr. Danesbury; his arm round her waist, and her hand in his, as snug as two can be."

"With young Mr. Danesbury?" uttered the mother, appalled at the news, and then taking refuge in disbelief. "Your eyes must have deceived you. Katherine would not be walking, like that, with a Danesbury, nor with anybody else. She is a properly brought-up girl."

"Bless us, they are all alike. Girls are girls, and will have their sweethearts; and so did we, when we were young. But young Mr. Danesbury's not a suitable one for Kate Bing, and the town's talking about it. I said I knew you were not encouraging that."

The visitor left, and Mrs. Bing went to the side door and looked out, full of trouble. She remembered that Kate had lately spent a good portion of her evening time away from her presence, but she had suspected nothing. It was a bright night; and Mrs. Bing presently saw Kate come flying along, round the corner of the lane, her cheeks crimson and her eyes bright.

"Where have you been?" demanded Mrs. Bing.

"I wanted a bit of ribbon, and I ran out to buy it," was the girl's evasive answer.

"Now, if you tell me another word of untruth, I'll send you off to your grandmother-to-morrow, and you shall never come back of one while," retorted Mrs. Bing. "You have been walking in the lane with young Mr. Danesbury."

Katherine hung her head, and the crimson of her cheeks spread over her face and neck.

"Katherine, have you been walking with him?"

"Oh, mother," she answered, throwing herself into her mother's arms, and hiding her face upon her neck, "he is so fond of me!"

Mrs. Bing's heart went pit-a-pat.

"Which of them is it?" she asked. "Mr. Robert, or Mr. Lionel?"

"Mr. Lionel."

"Child," she said, sitting down, "I had a great deal rather you had struck me a blow, than told me this."

"Don't say so, mother. You would not, if you did but know the happiness it has brought to me! Everything in the world seems brighter and better since I had him to think of."

"How long have you been intimate with him? I mean intimate enough to walk with him."

"Not long."

"Is it a month? Or two?"

"No, I don't know that it is."

"Katherine," resumed Mrs. Bing, "it is just ruin, and nothing else."

Katherine stood up, her eye indignant.

"Mother! don't say such a thing of me! I don't deserve it. Mr. Lionel wants to marry me."

"Marry the nonsense!" contemptuously uttered Mrs. Bing. "A Danesbury marry one of you! You had better not let such a speech get to Mrs. Danesbury's ears; she'd box your ears. And if he did marry you, it would be ruin, for he is a dreadful drinker. You know he is, Katherine."

"He is leaving it off. He says he shall leave it off quite, and never take it again."

"You leave off walking with him; that is all you need think about leaving off," retorted Mrs. Bing.

Katherine did not answer. She knew she would break her promise if she gave it; for she had become completely enthralled by Lionel Danesbury.

The news did reach the ears of Mrs. Danesbury, and she taxed Lionel with it. He answered, in a somewhat flippant manner—that he should walk with any one he pleased.

"What in the world can possess him?" uttered Mrs. Danesbury, in consternation. "Is he mad?"

"I have heard a curious version of what was said to be the facts," resumed Mrs. Danesbury. "You remember that Lionel used to be forever with young Loughton; the soldier—who is another one going the way of drink."

"He has been less intimate with him lately," remarked Mrs. Danesbury.

"Lionel often saw pretty Jane Loughton, he was nearly always there, when presentable, and it seems he had grown very much attached to her. One day he told her so, and she answered him with undignified scorn, reflecting on his habits. Lionel was half mad. The next day he was told that Jane Loughton was engaged to Thomas Boyd, and would be married shortly. He was in it at the Whetstone, half tipsy, when he heard it, and he swore a fearful oath that he would make an offer to the first girl he met, and be married before Jane Loughton. As he was leaving the Whetstone, he met Mr. Bing's daughter coming in, and did make her an offer, and since then he has been much with her; and, they say, intends to marry her."

"Where did you hear this?"

"From William. He got it, he says, from a sure source, and thought it right to inform me."

If Mr. and Mrs. Danesbury were indignant at this proposal, (though whether in jest or earnest, they could not divine) marriage of Lionel, Bing and his wife were equally alarmed. However they might be impressed by the honor done their daughter in the notice of a Danesbury, the unfortunate habits of Lionel were too notorious to admit of any chance of comfort for a wife. Kate was ordered to hold herself in readiness for a visit to her grandmother; a sharp, active woman still, who had eyes on all sides of her, where young girls were concerned, and farmed her late husband's bit of land just as well as he used to do.

Bing resolved to take her himself, in the tax-car. "No girl of mine shall sit herself to a lady's waiting-maid of a gentleman," quoth he to some cronies, on the night previous to the expedition, "and that's what Mr. Lionel is; and I don't mean no offence to his respected father in saying it."

"Nor to Mr. Arthur," chimed in one.

"Nor to Mr. Arthur, nor to Mr. William," acquiesced the host. "But as to the other two, they are no credit to anybody."

"Mr. William's not a saint, where a drop of good liquor's concerned. He don't spare it."

"And why should he spare it?" cried the landlord, indignant at the insinuation. "He takes his glass with any gentleman, but he keeps himself as a gentleman; he do. If the two young ones were like him, there wouldn't be no need of calling out."

Bing might have spared the projection of his journey in the tax-car, and his wife the trouble of writing to her mother, to tell her to expect Kate, and to "keep her up tight," for, when the morning rose, Kate was missing. Lionel Danesbury was also missing; and, when the two came back to Northborough, they were man and wife.

Mrs. Danesbury's doors were haughtily closed against them; but Mr. Danesbury, ever merciful, ever considerate to his erring children, who were fast breaking his heart, could not let Lionel starve; and he was established in a small cottage residence, to get what practice he might. Mr. Danesbury being answerable for the rent, and allowing them twenty shillings a week to live upon. Kate's father was inveterate, and would not notice her.

"What a come down," quoth the gossip, "for one of the wealthy Danesburys!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

IMPORTANT.—CAUTION AGAINST VIOLENT PHYSICAL EXERCISE.—Dr. Charles Kidd, in a letter, says:—

"The melancholy death of Captain Leicester Vernon brings to my recollection a statement made very frequently by our chief London Lecturer on Medicine, whose practice lies very much among the upper classes, and the poorest of the poor at one of the hospitals, to which he is chief physician. The statement is this: That almost all aristocratic young men who have been at Oxford or Cambridge, and especially those who have meddled much in pulling at boat races, have returned from their University affected with diseased blood vessels, and very many with diseased or dilated heart, brought on by the undue excitement of the circulation, induced by pulling at these boat races. This statement is very remarkable, as this physician has had ample opportunities, after thirty or thirty-five years of practice in the borough hospitals, of carefully comparing the relative prevalence to this mischief among the poor and among the upper classes; in fact, the matter is now well recognized at the insurance office, and in the administration of chloroform, where a diseased heart has to be guarded against. It would seem the delicate fibres of the heart of late, sent to Oxford especially, who have been nursed in luxury at home, at once give way or yield before this pressure of 'remora' of the circulation of the blood, which state never leaves them in after life. The only other analogous affection this physician has met is one among the poor, half-starved Irish laborers in the street, who work at pounding down big paving stones with a heavy iron pounder; but the conditions in both instances as to remora are identical."

Who told you anything about my walking with Kate Bing?" he resumed.

"The place is ringing with it—and crying shame."

"The place may be swallowed! Let people mind their own business: it's no concern of theirs. Here's my father coming in from the factory: I'll make myself scarce, or perhaps he will begin upon me."

Lionel might have spoken more civilly: but one great evil, in such training as Mrs. Danesbury's had been, is that it causes children to forget their respect. As he went out, Mr. Danesbury came in.

"Have you heard the report about Lionel and that Bing girl?" Mrs. Danesbury immediately began.

"I heard it some days ago."

"I did speak to him," replied Mrs. Danesbury.

"But it appears that it has no effect; and the report is, that he means to marry her."

Typographical errors come in odd sometimes. The other day we were reading a description of enthusiastic demonstrations at a political gathering, when the type went on with—"the air was rent with the shouts of three thousand people!"

The girls at Cohasset make nothing of going into the water and bringing out a shark or a mackerel by the nose. They live chiefly on sea-fare, so that when killed, they taste salt, and when they die, are preserved half a century. Their hair, in their old age, turns into dry sea-weed; and, if they have worn caps in their old age, the cap is stiff and glittering with crystallizations of salt, and, if you fall in love with them in their youth, you find yourself in a pickle.

BLONDIN.

Mr. Willis, in The Home Journal, thus describes N. Blondin's passage over the Niagara river in the character of an Indian chief:

"After being dressed in his fish-colored tights, wampan apoon, head medicine, and accessories, he came out (with his particularly assembled crowd) half uncovered as yet by its crown of feathers, to look a little into the arrangements for his performance. For fifteen or twenty minutes the little Tennessean was hopping about, trying the cords which held the ropes to the stanchions, cocking the pistol which was to be fired to announce his return, giving directions for the music, leading the ligatures of his balance-pole, and answering very merrily all the jokes and questions of the lookers-on. In his motions, back and forward, he took no regular step; he simply bounded. Like a child's soap bubble, the difficulty seemed to be to get to the ground—to keep from floating away. During all this time, of course, I had the desired opportunity for the study of his face. It was one which nineteen people out of twenty, on seeing it in a crowd, would pass over as wholly uninteresting—the twentieth and more observant man giving him a good look, as one of the most coolly determined and honestly spunky little fellows he had ever seen. The top of his skull, of course, is very high with his bump of forehead. His cheek bones are prominent, his nose straight and firm, his cheeks hollow and pale, and he wears a sandy moustache and imperial—a la Louis Napoleon. Though anything but a beauty, he is a man it is impossible not to take a fancy to. Referring to his shanty for a minute or two, after all was arranged, he responded to an announcement by a grand almost-dance from the band, and forward came Tennessean, with a high crown of many-colored feathers on his head—not with a slow pace, as would be expected from an Indian Chief, but dancing a jig all the way to the precipice. It was curious, however, to see that the smile on his lip, and his other signs of merriment for the many, were altogether mechanical and artificial, while the closely-pressed eyelid through which his keen, blue eyes was hardly visible, showed the inner mind's utter absorption and concentration in the work he had to do. The rope was drawn from shore to shore, eight hundred feet across, and two hundred and fifty feet high over the Niagara rapids, reaching the middle of the chasm, where he proceeded to stand upon one leg and hold the other out at right angles. The spectators, of course, were all breathlessly silent; though I found it much more breathless to think of afterward than to see done. He did it with such apparent ease and certainty, that it was like seeing a bird fly or a spider walk the ceiling—yet I was wondered at that for kind of creature. I am inclined to think it would be more startling (better enabling one to imagine himself in the performer's place) if he were to do it in common clothes. Looking scarcely larger than a butterfly as he reached the opposite shore, Blondin remained 15 or 20 minutes out of sight, and then the pistol was fired to announce his return. He came quietly on to the centre, where he stopped to lie down at full length on the rope, and execute various postures and gymnastics; and, between this and his reaching shore again, he made several pretended jumps, as if losing his balance—the screams of the anxiety of a spectator's suspense, and the varying tone which was being reached by the band. As he came up the slant of the rope again, I saw that his lips were tightly drawn together, and his features were rigidly set with the mental exertion, and it was an expression of face that would be worth painting as a type of determined will. Through all the anxiety of a spectator's suspense, I cannot help admiring the little man, exceedingly, and I was the first to give him a hand as he stepped on the cliff. It was a cold, clammy grip that he gave me in return, and his fingers felt wet. Everybody who could reach him gave him a shake of the hand on his way to the shanty, and the enthusiasm for him seemed universal. And so the show of a human life put fearfully in peril! Mr. Blondin, I was afterward told, has a wife and several children, and resides at Niagara, having adopted it as his theatre of performance. His professional profits amount to ten thousand dollars a year."

The above should be read in connection with an article on "A Discerning Public," on our fourth page. If Blondin is the man we take him to be, he felt a thorough contempt for his whole audience on the above occasion.

URGENT MEDICAL DISCOVERY.—Some time ago, says the *Journal de Chimie Medicale*, Dr. Field was induced by a homoeopath to put two drops of a solution upon his tongue, and was immediately seized with uncontrollable fits of yawning, and soon became insensible. The homoeopath supposed that he had committed murder, but was considerably relieved when he had administered stimulants, he observed the nature of the solution turned out to be nitrate of oxide of glycine, a powerful poison obtained by treating glycine at a low temperature with sulphuric or nitric acid. One drop mixed with twenty-nine drops of spirit of wine constitutes the first dilution, and Dr. Field was immediately struck with the idea that, if much weaker, the solution must be a useful sedative of the nervous system, while the homoeopath was overjoyed at the discovery of a powerful remedy for apoplexy. Dr. Field tried the new remedy on a lady, sixty-eight years of age, who suffered from neuralgia, and experienced no relief from the ordinary remedies. The fourth part of a drop of the solution was administered and afforded relief, and the second dose effected a complete cure. It has since been tried in cases of headache and dental neuralgia, with equal success.

VENTILATING BOOTS.—The object of the invention is the complete ventilation of a boot, shoe, or overshoe, so that the vapors which are constantly passing off from the feet may be carried away, and the feet thus kept in a dry, comfortable, and healthy state. This important object is accomplished simply by making the inner surface of the shoe corrugated or grooved; the grooves being longitudinal, transverse, and diagonal, so as to communicate with each other and with the mouth of the shoe. To prevent dust or water from entering these grooves, a shield is constructed around the mouth of the shoe, this shield being fastened to the inner surface and folded over the edge so as to hang down a short distance. It should not lap down closely upon the edge of the shoe, but should be of sufficient rigid material to maintain itself a little above the edge, thus forming a channel for the escape of the air. In walking, the air will be pressed from the grooves in the bottom of the shoe whenever the weight of the wearer comes upon it, and the grooves will be again filled with air when the foot is raised, and thus a constant circulation is produced.

"My dear Julia," said one pretty girl to another, "can you make up your mind to marry that odious Mr. Danesbury?"

"Why, my dear," replied Julia, "I believe I could make him a pickle."

DEATH OF JEROME BONAPARTE.

The French bring the news of the death of the Prince Jerome Bonaparte, the last of that family which the genius of Napoleon raised from obscurity to power.

Jerome Bonaparte was twenty years younger than Napoleon. He was educated in Paris by Madame Campan, and entered the navy when his elder brother assumed the consulship. It was while in the navy, and while cruising in American waters, that he first met Miss Maria Patterson, a young lady noted for her beauty, in a city which is famous for its beautiful women. They were married on Christmas Eve, in the year 1803. In 1805, they crossed the Atlantic, but did not enter France, for orders had been given not to admit the lady deemed plebeian by the "plebeian Napoleon." Soon after arriving in Europe, their first child, the present Mr. Jerome Bonaparte, of Baltimore, was born.

A little later still, under the stress of Napoleon's desire that his relatives should marry into royal families, their marriage contract was annulled, and in 1807 Jerome was married to the Princess Frederica of Wurtemberg, who died about twenty-five years ago. The Princess Mathilde, the (divorced) wife of Prince Dantoff of Russia, and Prince Napoleon, husband of the Princess Clotilde of Savoy, are their surviving children. Jerome became, after his second marriage, successively a Minister of the French navy, Prince of the Empire, King of Westphalia, and exile. He had the honor of leading the French charge in the battle of Waterloo, and then again became a fugitive.

He resided in Austria and Italy, under the title of Count de Mostert (given him by the King of Wurtemberg), until the coup d'état elevated the Third Napoleon to a royal seat, when he again frequented the Tuilleries. During the Presidency, he had place and privilege; and, under the Empire, until the birth of the Prince, he was a member of the Chamber of Deputies. His first wife still resides in Baltimore, and through a life that is now long, has remained faithful to her first and only marriage vows, whose annulment she would never acknowledge, while her faithfulness and weak husband, whether in the Westphalian Court or the Palais Royal, has forgotten both his first and last, and dying, leaves a nobler title than the last of the family of the Cæsars.

By the death of the Prince Jerome, his son, the Prince Napoleon, becomes, in case of the death of the Prince Imperial, the heir to the throne of France.

Prince Jerome, in person, was tall, and much stouter than the first Napoleon, whom, however, in countenance he very much resembled.

A ROMANTIC STORY.

A gentleman of this city, who has been many years engaged in the prosecution of military claims, fell in accidentally with a case in which both a man and his wife received pensions for revolutionary services. The singularity of the case struck him so forcibly, that he instituted an inquiry, and elicited from an old lady, the survivor, the following facts. (We state them substantially, but our informant not being present, it is possible that we may be incorrect in some insignificant particulars.)

Early in the Revolutionary war, a man named Lane (so thick) enlisted in a company raised in the neighborhood of Manchester, to serve three years. He went with his regiment to the North, and there joined Washington's army. Taking part in all the previous battles, he was severely wounded at Brandywine or Germantown, and during the battle and after was taken care of by a brother soldier, to whom he had become greatly attached, and who belonged to the same company with himself. The matter of service having expired, the two soldiers were discharged, and returned home, devoted and inseparable friends. In the meantime, the tide of war rolled on to the South, and the couple had scarcely reached their destination, when they again enlisted to serve in General Lincoln's army, at that time engaged in the siege of Fort Mifflin.

Our readers will know that Lincoln was afterwards cooped up in Charleston, and compelled to surrender, after a long siege, to the royal forces under the command of Sir Henry Clinton. Throughout this siege, Lane and his friends stood to their posts like heroes, and did their duty bravely. As the last Lane command was wounded in turn, and was carried off the field in the arms of his devoted friend. What must have been the amazement of Lane on discovering that the brave comrade who had so long fought by his side, and had nursed him so tenderly when he was wounded, through the report of the attending surgeon, was a woman! He was so much shocked, that he fell into a swoon, and was carried off to the hospital, where he lay for some time, and then recovered, and as soon as the wound was healed, he was released from captivity by the British. They lived many years very happily together, and left several children.—*Richmond Dispatch*.

AMUSEING.—It is a rule in Paris that every tenant of a hired home or suite of rooms must give a long notice before he quits, and that from the date of the notice the apartments must be shown to all persons desiring to see them. Young Alexander Damas has lately been sadly annoyed by the working of this rule. His landlord, either from spite or to enhance the value of the house, placed his advertisement in the papers:

"For rent at \$800 a year, a handsome small house with a garden, Rue de Boulogne, No. 10, at present occupied by Monsieur Alex. Damas, Jr. Apply Rue de Boulogne, No. 72."

Every day men, women, and child in Paris has run thither to see the author's house—to see how it was furnished—to see whether it was really as depicted in the other set; a stray veil, an ornate bust, a forgotten dress. Consequently he was driven to hire another lodging till his old one was let.

"SWEETS FOR THE SWEET!"—A correspondent of the N. Y. Tribune, writing from Pernambuco, South America, in speaking of the sugar trade at that port, says:

"The sugar is deposited in the warehouses, empty from the bags, sorted, &c. If a person would retain his relish for sweetening, he should by all means abstain from visiting these houses. Here he will see asked negroes up to their thighs in sugar—sitting upon it, sleeping upon it, rolling over it—the perspiration while coming from every pore, and he will, no doubt, turn from the spectacle profoundly impressed with the belief that sugar, also, is a balm."

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Wit and Humor.

RAD REMEDIES.

In a little village in Connecticut, several years ago, there lived one David Barnes, a person of an excellent temperamental and violent passions, especially as was often the case when under the influence of strong drink. Not far from him resided old Squire Adams, famous in all the region round about for his ready wit, with which few were able to cope successfully.

The squire had, at the time of which I write, a pig of remarkable promise, which one day effected a stolen exit from its domicile, and wandered about seeking what it might devour. It finally happened into Barnes' garden, where, following the impulse of its nature, it (as Barnes himself graphically expressed it) "rooted around like all possums."

The animal was at length espied by Barnes, who—being the hour when his better nature was full—dashed forth with murderous intent and a stick, and so gave vent to his emotions that the poor beast "withdrew" as speedily as possible, and reached home more dead than alive.

When recovered from the effect of his position, Barnes regretted his hastiness, and resolved to visit the squire, explain, and make it right, if possible. Off he started, and found the squire at home. He hardly knew how to open the subject, so he began with,

"Wal, Squire, I'm a-thinkin' o' leavin' these parts."

Squire—"You don't say? I'm sorry for that."

Barnes (with some surprise)—"No ye? An' why?"

Squire—"Wal, I'll tell you. Years ago there came a Mr. Robinson to live where you do, and he was a mean sort of a man, and after him came Tom Mullin, and he was a drolful mean man—worse, if anything, than the other. And after he left, there came Bill Meador, who was really to us; and then one worse'n all the others together—old Ned Bolle. You see, they kept a growin' worse. And finally, you come; and I'm afraid that, if you go, the evil one himself will be next!"

Barnes left.

A GOOD PERACHER.

Some years ago, Capt. John Eagle kept the "Aurora House;" and capably he kept it, in a capital village, on the eastern bank of "old Cayuga." He was an "old salt;" had "circumnavigated master of a ship" several times; had not forgotten how to "splice the main brace" when needed; was as jolly as a fore-top man in a cask; and such "yarns" as he spun, not infrequently astonished all his hearers, even Andy, who "made a six weeks' voyage in June, an' seen all sorts o' weather an' shipwrecks and crathurs that wor' niver seen afore, any way—harris the cap'n's."

Well, the captain and his family proposed to visit New York. The little "steamer" neared the dock, and Andy stopped in to "take a small matter."

"An' is it leavin' ye are, cap'n?" asked Andy.

"Ye," was the answer.

"Is it any length ye'll be away?" again asked Andy.

The captain, drawing on one of his "tough yarns" again, replied:

"Ye, Andy, I shall be gone a long time. President Polk has appointed me Minister to Russia."

"Begorra, an' that's mighty quare," thought Andy, but spoke: "Will I help ye aboard with the trunks?"

On the deck of that little steamer Andy grasped the hand of the captain warmly and sympathizingly, as the last bell was ringing, and burst out:

"Good-bye, cap'n—good-bye to ye; and God be good to the *Blackburn*, for it's the height of good preaching ye'll give 'em, harris the devil the word of truth there'll be in it!"—Knickerbocker.

A HARD CASE.

A story has recently been told of a character-trick performed upon his sister, the Princess Amelia, by that "hard case" the regent Duke of Cumberland.

His sister one day took him to task, arraigned his dissipated conduct, and said she would never be instrumental to it. He assured her that the money he then solicited he wanted to complete an improvement in Windsor Park, where it was well laid out in employing the surrounding poor; and to convince her of the truth of this statement, he proposed to take her down to inspect the works. He had at that time nearly five hundred men digging a canal. She went to the lodge, and he drove her round the park in a one-horse chaise, and had so contrived it with the manager that as she passed from one place to another, the same set of men, as in a theatre, removed to another spot, which, when she was brought to them, were seen planting trees; at another, five hundred men (the same) were found grubbing hedges.

"Well, brother," said she, "I had no conception of this. You must employ near two thousand people."

"True," said the noble Duke, "and if I were to take you to the other side of the park, I could show you as many more."

"It is not necessary," said the Princess, "I am satisfied that your money is better expended than I had apprehended."

And the unsuspecting Princess lent him the £70,000 he wanted.

Now is a HENRY TO MARRY.—Fred.—"Why, Charles, how's this? Not dancing? Well, I'm surprised!"

Charles.—"No one—don't give up dancing. You see, when a good looking young fellow, or—single man with the girls, it comes so much better, that it's as—dear as—pleasant, and as I've so much of my money just at present, I shall not think society for awhile."

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SCENES AT THE BARBERS.

Your shaver may, and often does, adopt a system of indirect compulsion—of moral bullying. He assumes a blood snout, and makes unpleasant reflections upon your natural gifts and acquired habits, either by the words he uses, or the line of action he pursues. For instance, I have heard a colloquy between a hair-cutter and his patient, after the following fashion:

Tonsor.—Your 'air is very loose, sir—very loose.

Patent.—What do you mean?

T.—Why, it comes out very easy, sir; falls out, I may say.

Pat.—Well, I believe it does, rather.

T.—You 'aven't 'ad a fever lately, sir, 'ave you?

Pat.—(Tentatively.) "No, I haven't; never had a fever."

T.—Very extraordinary. I should 'a' said you 'ad a fever. I never saw a gentleman's 'air come out so easy. You don't wash your 'ead very frequently, sir, I should say.

Pat.—(Unnaturally.) Yes, I do; quite frequently enough. Why do you think I don't?

T.—You don't mean to say it's dirty, do you?

Pat.—(Apologetically.) Oh! dear no, sir; not at all, sir; but London is such a very smoky place, you get all sorts of dust and grit into the 'air almost without knowing it, sir; and there's nothing like washing the 'ead with cold water for strengthening the 'air. But then you thought to apply something softer, for fear of taking cold, sir—some sort of vegetable preparation. We've a very nice article here, sir; price 'alf a crown. It prevents cold (quoting from an advertisement,) stimulates the 'healthy action of the skin, strengthens the roots of the 'air, and prevents it from falling off.

Pat.—I'll take a bottle.

T.—(Accompanying the patient to the shop, and glancing victoriously at the young lady who takes the money.) 'Air out, miss, and a bottle of the vegetable wash.

Sometimes Tonsor catches a Tartar, in the shape of a choleric person who doesn't like to hear the melodious words "scarf" and "dandruff"—particularly when the coquetry of the former is intensified by being pronounced "scarf" applied to him. In this case, the patient has an evident rush of blood to the face, starts up from his chair, at the imminent peril of his ear-tips, and informs tenderly that "he came to have his hair cut, and not to hear remarks upon the state of his skin," and that if tonsor "can't cut it without talking nonsense, he'll go to somebody who can."

Upon this, tonsor is reduced to silence, and indulges in the voiceless vengeance of scolding his customer's head with a couple of hair brushes. This same choleric person, at his exit, so far from complying with tonsor's reasonable request, that he should buy a bottle of the vegetable wash, mutters that "as he doesn't want to have his hair turned green, or blue, or any other conspicuous color, he thinks he'd better not!" and in scarcely audible gutturals, condemns the man, and the wash, and the scents, and the whole place in succinct but powerful language.

FIVE PER CENT.

An individual called upon a Jeweller in Montreal, and stated that he had managed to accumulate, by hard labor for a few past years, some seventy-five dollars; that he wished to invest it in something whereby he might make money a little faster, and he had concluded to take some of his stock and peddle it out. The Jeweller selected what he thought would sell readily, and the new peddler started on his trip. He was gone but a few days when he returned, bought as much again as before, and started on his second trip. Again he returned, and greatly increased his stock. He succeeded so well, and accumulated so fast, that the Jeweller one day asked him what profit he obtained on what he sold.

"Well, I put on about five per cent."

The Jeweller thought that a very small profit, and expressed as such.

"Well," said the peddler, "I don't know as I exactly understand about your per cent, but an article for which I pay you one dollar, I generally sell for five."

A DEATH GRIP.—A sea captain related at a prayer meeting in Boston, a short time ago, a thrilling incident in his own experience.

"A few years ago," said he, "I was by the island of Cuba, when the cry ran through the ship, 'Man overboard!' It was impossible to put up the helm of the ship, but I instantly seized a rope, and threw it over the ship's stern, crying out to the man to seize it as for his life. The sailor caught the rope just as the ship was passing. I immediately took another rope, and making a slip-knot of it, attached it to the rope, and slid it down to the struggling sailor, and directed him to pass it over his shoulder and under his arms, and he would be drawn on board. He was rescued; but he had grasped that rope with such firmness—with such a death grip, that it took hours before his hold relaxed, and his hand could be separated from it. With such eagerness, indeed, had he clutched the object that was to save him, that the strands of the rope became embedded in the flesh of his hands."

TOO EXCLUSIVE.—My University tailor had a daughter, whose dowry he announced as thirty thousand pounds sterling, and he gave out that none but a gold-tasseled nobleman should be allowed to cultivate her acquaintance. But the young nobleman never came, and the damsel pined for a couple of years. The father widened the bounds, and gentlemen common were admitted, but still the maiden was unwed. In another three years the dowry was extended to all members of Christ Church College. There may have been wooers now, but no winners. Five years more, and the maiden still sat at her window unclaimed. For another five years the tailor held out resolutely, but by that time youth was gone, and the daughter, as long a prisoner, was glad to accept the hand of an aspiring chamber-servant.

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A LITTLE SEASICK.

MALICIOUS SWELL IN THE STEEN SHEETS (to Party on Weather Quarter).—"Splendid breeze, isn't it, Gus?"

Gus, (who, you see, has let his cigar go out).—"Ye-es; but I say, what's o'clock? Isn't it time to turn back? What d'ye think?"

MEANING OF WORDS.—How many words men

have dragged downwards with themselves, and made partakers more or less of their own fall. Having originally an honorable significance, they have yet, with the deterioration and degeneration of those that used them, or those about whom they were used, deteriorated or degenerated too. What a multitude of words, originally harmless, have assumed a harmful meaning as their secondary sense; how many words have acquired an unworthy! Thus, "knave" meant once no more than lad (nor does it now in German mean more), "villain" than peasant; a "boor" was only a farmer, a "varlet" was but a serving man, a "menial" one of the many or household, a "churl" but a strong fellow, a "misdent" a favorite; man is "God's dearest minion" (Sylvester). "Time-server" was used 200 years ago quite as often for one in an honorable as in a dishonorable sense, "serving the time."

"Conceits" had once nothing consisted in them; "effusions" had reference to offices of kindness, and not of busy meddling; "moody" was that which pertained to a man's mood, without any gloom or silliness implied. "Denure" (des mœurs, of good manners), conveyed no hint, as it does now, of an overdoing of the outward demonstrations of modesty. In "crazy" and "cunning" there was nothing of crooked wisdom implied, but only knowledge and skill; "craft," indeed, still retains very often its more honorable use, a man's "craft" being his skill, and then the trade in which he is well skilled. And think you that the Magdalen could ever have given us "maudlin" in its present contemptuous application, if the tears of penitential weeping had been held in due honor by the world?—*Trench on the Study of Words.*

OLD PATCH.—Here is a little narrative which we have seen in print two or three times, but it deserves re-statement. A poor boy came to school with a large patch on his knee. "One of his school fellows, who was naughty, and with a great 'tease," began to nickname him "patch," and finally "Old Patch." The other boys, who had perhaps suffered in the same way from the tease, said to "Patch," "Why don't you lick him? Yes, give it to him! I wouldn't be called so by him; I'd give it to him!"

"Pooh," answered the boy with the patch, "you don't suppose I'm ashamed of a patch, do you? For my part, I am very thankful for a good mother, who, though poor, tells to keep me out of rage. A neat patch looks much better than a slovenly, ragged hole in my pants. Yes, I honor this patch for my mother's sake." There was true and noble philosophy in this, and his companions felt it.

"There's no getting the better of 'Patch,'" said the boys; "not a bit of false shame about him." And now the boys honored him for it.

CADIE.—There lies Cadie, that new-built Venice, with its yellow and rose-colored palaces, its tall minarets (watch-towers), where anxious Antonios sit waiting for the first sight of their Indian argosies; the fat Eastern rook, where the dome repose and smoke, and the domes chat and sing; the yellow porcelain domes, so like mosques; the long, dark battlements, like sharks' jaws, which are toothed with cannon; the barracks and the hospitals. There they all are, crowding to the sea-shore, as if to welcome some conqueror. It is a new and brighter Venice trooping down to the strand to welcome some new Columbus who comes not yet. It is the city that our Lord Rescued; in fact, the city of sack, that old admirals of ours, long since laid in pickle in the great salt sea, in their faced waistcoats and cocked hats, have fired and frowncd at a thousand times.—*Life in Spain.*

A PERPETUAL SOUTHERN LIE.—If the following expedient be made use of, the danger according to vessels from running aground would be prevented. It consists simply in casting a chain, to the end of which a good sized weight is fastened, to communicate by means of a spring with a bell on deck, which must be so adjusted as to sound when the force of the weight is removed. The length of the chain must be somewhat greater than the depth of water the vessel is found to draw, in order that the steersman may have time to turn before it strikes the ground. When the weight strikes this, the force keeping the spring in a state of tension will be removed, and consequently the bell will be heard.

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A PLEA FOR LOVE.

A sweet lyric by Thomas Davis, Ireland's latest poet—taken from her by a premature death.

The summer brook flows in the bed

The winter torrent tore asunder;

The sky-lark's gentle wings are spread

Where walk the lightning and the thunder;

And thus you'll find the sternest soul

The gayest tenderness concealing.

And minds that seem to mock control,

Are order'd by some fairy feeling.

Then, maiden, start not from the hand

That's harden'd by the swaying sabre—

The pulse beneath may be as bland

As evening after day of labor;

And, maiden, start not from the brow

That thought has knit, and passion darken'd—

In twilight hours 'neath forest bough

The tenderest tales are often harken'd.

Agricultural.

PRESERVING SHINGLES ON ROOFS.

The following article we copy from the Rural Intelligencer, as worthy of attention by those who desire to preserve the roofs of their habitations and buildings:

"Some paint shingles after they are laid. This makes them rot sooner than they otherwise would. Some paint the courses as they are laid; this is a great preservative, if each shingle is painted the length of three courses. But about as sure a way to preserve shingles, and that with little or no expense, is a mode recommended in a letter to us by Hon. David Hunter, of Clinton, on the 23d of February last. We reproduce so much of his letter as relates to this subject, in hopes that it may be of service to many of our readers:

"There is one thing more that nearly all people know, if they would only attend to it; that is, to sprinkle slaked lime on the roofs of their buildings in rainy days. Put it on considerably thick, so as to make the roof look white, and you will never be troubled with moss; and if the shingles are covered ever so thick with moss, by putting the lime on twice, it will take all the moss off, and leave the roof white and clean, and will look almost as well as if it had been painted. It ought to be done once a year, and, in my opinion, the shingles will last almost twice as long as they will to let the roof all grow over to moss. I tried it on the back side of my house ten years ago, when the shingles were all covered over with moss, and they appeared to be nearly rotten. I gave the roof a heavy coat of lime, and have followed it nearly every year since then, and the roof is better now than it was then; and, to all appearance, if I follow my hand, it will last ten or fifteen years longer. The shingles have been on the roof over thirty years. There is no more risk about sparks catching on the roof than on a newly-shingled roof. These that do not have lime near by, can use good strong wood ashes, and these will answer a very good purpose to the same end."

A NEW GATE HINGE.—There is a new plan of fastening the upper hook or eye of a gate hinge into the post, which we have seen described lately, and like it so much that we wish all farmers to know it. Instead of driving the hook into the post, a hole is bored quite through it, just at the top of the upper rail of the fence, and the shank is made long enough to reach some inches beyond the post, and has several notches on its upper side. Bore a hole through the rail, and put a small bolt with a loop hole at one end, to hit in a notch of the hinge, and nut at the other. Of course, when screwed up, the sag of the gate cannot draw the hook; but, if necessary, it can be made shorter by shifting a notch or two.

Tobacco.—General John H. Cook, of Virginia, has recently written a pamphlet, entitled "Tobacco, the Bane of Virginia Husbandry." He says:

"That tobacco is the bane of Virginia husbandry, will be shown under the three following heads:

1st. It requires more labor than any other crop.

2d. It is the most exhausting of all crops.

3d. It is a demoralizer, in the broadest sense of the term.

UPPERMERE HAY.—I noticed a call last summer for a contrivance to take a load of hay from the cart all at once, and dump it in the mow, and I have watched the agricultural papers to see the plan come out, but as none has appeared that I have seen, I will venture to suggest one for the benefit of all, if it should prove a benefit.

My plan is, to have two or more endless ropes spread on the cart rigging, and load on them, and when in the barn, bring the ropes together on the top, on a strong double hook made fast to a stout rope; this rope may run through tackle, with a horse outside, similar to the plan of unloading with a horse fork, while a man with a guy-rope over a pulley, back side of the mow, can direct it where he chooses.—Then let down and unhook the ropes on one side, and pull them out with the same power that hoisted it.

Another way, to hoist without the horse, is to have a wheel, similar to what merchants use for hoisting hogheads of molasses and other merchandise, hung in the ridge of the barn, and operated in the same way, with guy-rope as in the other plan. Where a barn is built with the floor on one side the barn, with short middle beams, the wheel can be hung partly over the mow, so that it will need less power on the guy-rope. Now, brother farmers, if you think of a better plan for unloading hay, please let us hear it; don't run away to Washington after a patent first.—L. F. SCOTT, in Country Gentleman.

PRUNING TREES.—What a beautiful season we are enjoying! I go into the house each pleasant evening, only when it is too dark to see anything more abroad! There is a great promise of apples. I never saw a fuller blossom; and enough are sticking on, and swelling up rapidly day by day.

I am spending a good deal of time with a saw and mallet and broad chisel, trimming.—The summer is the time for this work. I see every year that some don't believe it; think it better to slap into the trees at their leisure in March and April. The practice is a wrong one—I have proved it. Wounds of any size made in those months will bleed, and not soon heal.

Those who expect large, fine apples, must take a hint from Mr. Bull's method of raising such magnificent bunches of grapes. His vines are headed back, pruned, pinched, till the whole force of well-supplied roots is driven into a few month-watering clusters. Nature in trees provides against casualties. There is an excess of limbs. Some may be destroyed, and the tree remain more comely and productive.—N. E. Farmer.

TO KEEP CHICKENS CLEAR OF INSECTS.—The water of cisterns that are kept covered through the summer soon begins to smell, and if the cover is left open, thousands of "wigglers," the larvae of mosquitoes, appear, and besides making the water disagreeable, supply an abundance of little blood-suckers to feed upon us during the night, and disturb our slumbers.

An easy way to put an end to the "wigglers," is to place a number of small fish, minnows, for example, in the cistern. These will speedily devour the insects, and keep the cistern clear of all such. If a lead pipe is in the cistern, the fish will die in a day or two. We were compelled to take away a pump from ours for this reason. It was pump and mosquitoes, or fish and pure water. The latter was preferred.—Ohio Farmer.

Useful Receipts.

TO DRIVE AWAY MOSQUITOES AND OTHER THROATLESS INSECTS.—Camphor is the most powerful agent. A camphor bag hung up in